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COLLIER'S
WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

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8332 apr. 6. 1900.

ARRIVAL OF A FRENCH LINER AT HAVRE

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

OFF FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

NSATLANTIC LINER RECEIVING A PARTING SALUTE FROM NEW YORK HARBOR CRAFT, AS SHE STEAMED DOWN IE BAY WITH ONE OF THE FIRST SHIPLOADS OF AMERICAN VISITORS BOUND FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

An Illustrated Journal of Art — *Literature and Current Events*

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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New York May Fifth 1900

THE PARIS EXPOSITION NUMBER

of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, out next week under date of May 12th, will be one of the largest and most important issues of the year. It is the aim of the publishers to make the number a veritable handbook of everything that the intending visitor may find useful, and everything that may enable those who have not a chance to visit Paris almost to see the Exposition. There will be drawings and maps in colors by the best artists and designers, panoramic views, plans of the buildings, and photographs of the various exhibits, principal officials, distinguished visitors, scenes on the grounds, etc., by our Paris corps of photographers. There will be special articles and stories by authoritative and representative French and American writers, and full-page drawings by the best artists. No pains will be spared to make the number of both present utility and lasting value as a souvenir of the world's greatest Fair.

WE WOULD direct particular attention to the striking article by the Postmaster-General which we publish in this number. It sets forth the benefits bestowed upon the inhabitants of Cuba by the extension of our postal system to their island. It appears that, when American officials took possession of the Havana post-office on January 1, 1899, they found more than 2,000 registered letters containing sums of money amounting in the aggregate to nearly $7,000. These letters had accumulated during three or four years, and, seemingly, no effort had been made to distribute them, for the American officials managed immediately to deliver more than nine-tenths of them to the persons addressed. Again, under the Spanish régime, there was no railway service; no such thing as a postal car existed. Much the same state of things obtained in Porto Rico and the Philippines, although, in the great city of Manila, a relatively effective postal service had to be maintained for the accommodation of the resident foreign merchants. At present, the postal system of Cuba is modelled on that of the United States. Distribution is prompt; free delivery is established in the cities and large towns; carriers are not permitted to charge fees; collections and deliveries have been multiplied; registration has been simplified; and the money-order system has been introduced. Owing to the paucity of banks outside of Havana, postal money-orders have proved especially convenient. The number of them issued in the second quarter of 1899 was upward of 11,000, and their aggregate value was over $340,000. In one day of the third quarter, 1,212 orders were issued in Havana alone. Owing to the comparatively large percentage of illiteracy in Cuba, it was to be expected that the postal receipts should fall far below those of the United States in proportion to the population. As a matter of fact, the postal revenues in Cuba during the last year were less than 16 cents per head, as against $1.26 per head in the United States. In most of the provinces, the receipts averaged only 5 cents per head of the population. It is satisfactory to learn that, of the 273 post-offices on the island, 251 are in charge of Cubans, the obvious purpose being to qualify the islanders as quickly as possible to conduct an efficient postal service for themselves.

THE ENGLISH, apparently, take for granted that no prolonged resistance will be offered by the Boers to Lord Roberts's advance, and that Pretoria will be occupied in the course of a few months. With an early close of the campaign in view, the British Cabinet is already forming plans for the reorganization of South Africa. The scheme that finds most favor contemplates the construction of a South Africa confederation modelled on the Dominion of Canada. There would be a Federal Parliament at Cape Town, and provincial legislatures in the Cape Colony, Natal, Rhodesia, and, ultimately, in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. It is assumed that the English-speaking inhabitants of South Africa would be able to control the Federal Parliament, but this might not prove to be the case, if the Dutch-speaking denizens of the two Boer republics should forthwith receive the franchise. How to stimulate British emigration to South Africa is a problem not easy of solution. Gold-mining is, of course, a potent magnet to colonists, but only in the Rand is gold-mining profitable. The deposits in Mashonaland have, thus far, proved disappointing, all the pockets of the yellow metal near the surface having been worked out by the ancient gold-seekers, to whom the interesting ruins found in the country are attributed. The gold reefs of Natal have been worked but slightly. Silver, copper and lead exist to a lesser extent. The mineral of greatest importance is coal, of which valuable beds exist in the vicinity of Dundee.

WE REFERRED in our last number to the question of the price which England may eventually be called upon to pay for the military assistance given to her in South Africa by her Canadian and Australian colonies. It is true that the whole number of soldiers thus far furnished by the Dominion and by Australasia does not exceed 8,000, but the precedent is momentous, and British statesmen are well aware that twenty times as many troops might be forthcoming, if Canada and Australia would recognize the duty of helping the mother country in her future wars. Both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper, who are respectively the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties in Canada, are disposed to recognize the duty, but they by no means agree about the conditions upon which the obligation should be assumed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier holds that it would be unreasonable for the mother country to expect her colonies to coöperate in all her wars, unless representation should be conceded to them in the body clothed with the power of making war and peace, whether that body should be the British Parliament or some newly-devised imperial council. Sir Charles Tupper is opposed to any such political union, pointing out that, since Canada could only hope for a representation proportioned to population, it would be overwhelmingly outvoted in the British Parliament or in any imperial council. For his own part, Sir Charles protests that Canadians will never submit to be taxed in blood or treasure by any political assembly except their own Parliament at Ottawa. Instead of a political union, which he rejects as impracticable, he would propose an imperial *zollverein*, or commercial union, under which, in return for a preference given to British goods in colonial markets, the products of Canada and of Australia should be admitted, as they now are, duty free to the markets of the United Kingdom, whereas similar commodities coming thither from foreign countries, like the United States, should be subjected to duties. In reply, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's friends quote the speech made by Mr. Chamberlain in 1897 to show that England will never impose duties on the food staples of the United States and thus give similar colonial products the monopoly of the British market, unless British manufactures are admitted to the colonies absolutely free from duty. It is pointed out that the admission of British manufactures into Canada, duty free, would annihilate the Canadian manufactures, which have been fostered with so much care, a result which Canadian Conservatives would never venture to face, and which even Canadian Liberals have thus far shrunk from confronting.

THOSE WHO have at heart the enlargement of our navy have been glad to note that the naval appropriation bill was passed by the House of Representatives substantially in the form recommended by the committee. It authorizes the construction of two new battleships, three armored cruisers and three protected cruisers. We hope, however, that the Senate will insist on so amending the bill as to provide for the payment of the market price of the armor needed for the ships authorized last year. To postpone the construction of those ships because the prices demanded for armor seem exorbitant to certain persons would be misplaced economy. We must enlarge our navy quickly if we are to keep even the humble position which we now occupy among the maritime powers. Not only are we now, but we shall continue to be, after the existing naval programmes have been carried out, surpassed as regards the number of warships and the weight of armament not only by England and France, but also by Russia, Germany and Italy; and we shall be but little, if at all, superior to Japan. Indeed, so far as the Far East is concerned, it will be very many years before we can hope to cope in the Pacific with the fleet of the Mikado. Perhaps we can never hope to do so until the Nicaragua Canal shall be completed, for, up to that date, the majority of our warships will have to be detained in the Atlantic. It will not do to assume that we shall ever again encounter such inefficient opponents as the Spaniards proved to be. The naval battle between the Japanese and the Chinese was productive of great loss on both sides, and so was the battle of Lissa, in which the Austrians and Italians were engaged. If we ever have to meet upon the ocean one of the five great maritime powers of Europe, or even Japan, we need not expect to escape without the loss of a single vessel, or even of a single life. No doubt the maritime part of our war with Spain has its important lessons, but, after all, it was an *experimentum in corpore vili*. What gave peculiar lustre to Dewey's achievement at Cavité was that he could not foresee how impotent to harm him the Spanish Admiral would prove, but, on the contrary, Dewey entered a bay which he knew to be mined, and to be defended by powerful shore fortifications. If the fleet under Admiral Sampson had entered the harbor of Santiago and there destroyed Cervera's squadron, it would have presented a parallel to Dewey's exploit. Even then, it would have had the advantage of profiting by the knowledge of Spanish inefficiency which Dewey was the first to disclose. At the beginning of May, 1898, there was scarcely a naval expert in Europe who would have considered Dewey's victory probable under the circumstances which were known, or supposed, to obtain at Cavite.

THE CELEBRATION at Chicago of the second anniversary of Dewey's victory is likely, on more grounds than one, to be a memorable event. It will undoubtedly be found that the people of the Middle and Far West have longer memories than some of the denizens of the Atlantic cities. Outside of actual or would-be office-holders and machine politicians, the teeming millions between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, who constitute the backbone of the Republic, do not admit that either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan has a vested and exclusive right to a nomination for the Presidency, and they do not consider that the merit of Dewey's services to his country has been in the least lessened or dimmed by the announcement of his willingness to accept the office of Chief Magistrate at the hands of his fellow-citizens. To listen to some of the Republican and Democratic organs, one would imagine that, without the approval of this or that party boss, no American has a right to invite the suffrages of his countrymen. Nothing is more certain, however, than that, when the managers of political machines deliberately and repeatedly refuse to select candidates whom the people want, the whole type of political machinery which they control is doomed, and some other type better adapted to reflect the current of popular favor will take its place. The national convention was a great improvement on the Congress caucus system, but the former will be discarded in its turn as soon as the people make up their minds that it is national only in name, and that it is really manipulated by a gang of cunning or corrupt wire-pullers. The hold of national conventions upon the masses of the Democratic party was severely shaken in 1880, when Samuel J. Tilden failed to receive a renomination. It would have been as impossible to defeat Tilden at the ballot-box in 1880 as it will prove to elect Mr. Bryan this year. Four years hence, when Mr. Bryan has ceased to be inseparably connected with the free coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1, he might be able to sweep the country. As things are, he is almost the only eminent Democrat who has no chance of beating the Republican candidate. If anybody desires to know what Republican politicians really think of Dewey's candidacy, we advise him to note the unanimity and earnestness with which the Republican organs urge the Democrats to stick to Bryan and to reject the Admiral. There is a very old maxim from which the wisdom has not evaporated: Find out what your enemies want you to do, and then do the contrary. There is not a member of the Republican National Committee who is not perfectly aware that if, through Mr. Bryan's magnanimity or the far-sightedness of other Democratic leaders, the Democratic National Convention should nominate Admiral Dewey, there would be imminent danger of a land-slide, and the Republican candidate might find it extremely difficult to carry half a dozen States.

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THE MAILS FOLLOW THE FLAG

BY CHARLES EMORY SMITH

POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

A MANILA POST-CART

THE EXTENSION of the American postal service to Porto Rico and the Philippines as our new possessions, and to Cuba as our ward for the time being, is one of the most interesting features of the new national movement growing out of the war with Spain. The mails, at least, follow the flag. The expansion of the postal system is an accomplished fact. It remains to be developed and perfected, but it has taken possession. The substitution of American methods, with their energy, integrity and thoroughness for the old corrupt, uncertain, irresponsible administration is a revolution in itself.

No one can realize the greatness and value of the change without understanding the character of the former service. Those who are only accustomed to the cheapness, regularity, reliability and completeness of our mails can hardly comprehend the utter looseness and demoralization which marked the whole management of the mails in Cuba and the other islands of Spain. A single fact will tell more than a page of general statement. When the American postal representatives took possession of the Havana post-office January 1, 1899, they found a mass of registered mail matter embracing over 2,000 pieces, covering three or four years of accumulation, and containing a declared value equivalent to nearly $7,000 American money. These pieces had collected through a long period, and, though registered, apparently no effort had been made to distribute them. The American officers immediately delivered all of the letters addressed to parties in Havana who could be found, amounting in value to $6,275, and returned the remainder, to the value of $616, to the senders in Spain.

This instance only illustrates the lax and uncertain character of the whole service. No wonder there was no public confidence in a system so entirely untrustworthy. It was defective and rotten at every point. The central office at Havana was typical of the quality of the entire service in Cuba. I had the opportunity of making a personal inspection of it in March of last year. It was an old, ramshackle building which had been used by the Spanish Government for a hundred and fifty years, dingy, dilapidated, scattered, altogether inconvenient and unsuited for its purpose. It was made up of little rooms, more like dungeons, sprawling, disconnected and wide apart, around a forbidding interior court. The collection-box was at one corner, the delivery at another, the registry at another, the line of lock-boxes associated with common nuisances, and there was no sort of relation between the different branches. The whole arrangement was repulsive, reeking with filth, and dangerous to the health and lives of those employed there.

The impression upon the community can be imagined when this antiquated and noisome building was abandoned, and the post-office was located in a clean, spacious, modernized structure, built over and adapted to the purpose, with every department conveniently arranged, with an imposing front of bright new boxes and with an equipment as complete and improved as that of the New York or Washington office. This change was made as speedily as possible after the American occupation, and the Havanese flocked to the new post-office with pride and admiration for the better order of things which the new departure imported.

But the story of the old régime which was to be superseded is only just begun. There was no sacredness in the mails. There was no assurance that letters would not be examined or would reach their destination. Stamps were sold, not at the offices, but at outside agencies, and it is said that excessive charges were not uncommon. Stamps were often torn off the envelopes and thus purloined, and the letters thrown away. There was no free delivery. The carriers who made the delivery were paid by fees which they were allowed to collect from the recipients of the letters. In the smaller places when the mail arrived it was dumped on a table and the people who went to the office were allowed to sort over the pile and select their own.

The transportation of the mails was irregular and the methods crude and primitive. There was practically no railway mail service. On the very few lines of railroads, such a thing as a postal car had never been dreamed of. There was no apartment or place reserved for the mails even in the baggage car. The mail was "worked" or arranged for distribution on two seats of a passenger car turned together. It was open to be handled by anybody. The postal clerks had no uniform or other mark to distinguish them, and had very little system. It is stated that they often neglected their proper and legitimate work in order to carry parcels and letters which were put in their hands without going through the mails, and for which they received a special fee. This outside compensation often exceeded their regular salary, and the effect may be readily understood.

The general features of the service in Cuba, in Porto Rico and in the Philippines were much the same, but each island or group had its own special characteristics. In Porto Rico there was only one short railroad, and the mails were carried over the common roads from place to place by messengers who were paid by the municipalities. The chief general charge was for a high-salaried central administration and a few favorite postmasters. In the Philippines there was a fair service at Manila, which, with its considerable foreign population and its ample trade connections as the emporium of the archipelago, did a large and profitable business. It is not surprising that outside of Manila the system was exceedingly primitive. With the illiterate population there was little postal communication. The mails were chiefly used for official matter. The carriers went on foot and each would start with the mail for fifteen or twenty towns, going, however, only to the next town, where he would be relieved by another. There were very few routes where horse and wagon were used. The carriers rendered their service as a part of their labor obligation to the government. Every man was required to give fifteen days' work to the government each year. To carry the mails was easier than to work on roads or bridges, and for this reason the former service was so much sought that the law provided that no man could give more than six of his fifteen days as a mail carrier. In most places the head official of the town handled the mail as a part of his regular duty. In only one or two of the chief towns of a province was there a regular salaried postmaster.

When the American army and navy in the movements of the Spanish war went to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, it was necessary that the American postal service should go with them. The soldiers and sailors at the front and the loved ones at home must have the facilities of correspondence. The American post-office kept in the van. It was at Siboney with the advance guard, and its chief, at once directing the mails and foremost in helping the wounded, was one of the first victims of yellow fever. In the same way the American postal agent landed near Ponce with General Miles, and when our troops marched into Manila he went with them. An interesting illustration of the sullenness on one side and of the quick wit and spirit on the other followed his installation in the Manila post-office. There was a large accumulation of army and foreign mail. The American postal force was limited. The Spanish employés declined to serve or aid. The American postal chief promptly met the situation by announcing that the Spanish mail should be laid aside until all the other mail had been distributed, whereupon the Spaniards yielded and came to time.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

With the full occupation of Cuba and Porto Rico the administration of the postal service throughout their limits devolved on our Government. By direction of the President the Post-Office Department assumed the charge and management of the work. It practically entailed a complete reconstruction of the whole postal system. There was very little to build upon. With the overthrow of Spanish authority the old system was wellnigh obliterated. There were no records, no stamps, and very little working machinery. The only thing to do was to take possession of the very diaphanous and indeterminate skeleton which remained, and enter upon an entire reorganization. It was almost like starting anew and building from the foundation.

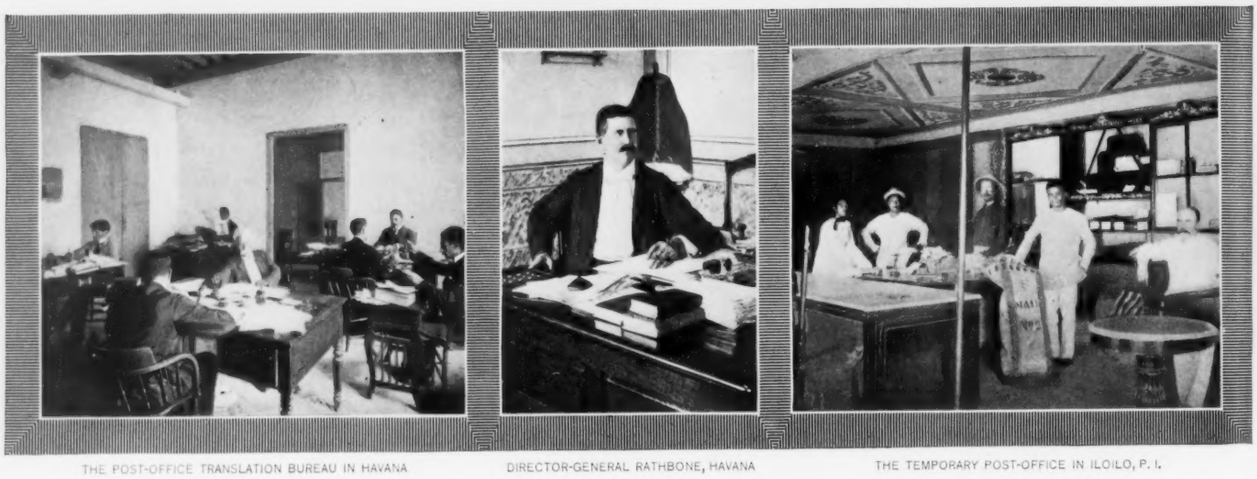
Even before the United States, under the protocol with Spain, occupied Cuba on the 1st of January, 1899, a commission of postal experts from the Department was sent down to look over the ground. They gathered such information as was accessible in order to prepare the way for starting the work at the appointed time. Then the corps of men were chosen to go to the scene and take up the actual labor. It was plain that they must be trained men, with ample experience and special fitness for the organizing and constructive work required. It was no time or place for novices or experiments. The essence of the merit system, without academic examination, but based on tried service and personal knowledge, must be applied. Under this rule Major E. G. Rathbone of Ohio was selected as the chief officer of the postal service of Cuba and the immediate representative of the Department. He had been chief of the force of Post-Office Inspectors of the United States and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, and was known as a man of ability, energy and organizing faculty. An experienced and expert postmaster was also needed at Havana. The whole field of available men in the United States was scanned, and the choice fell upon one who had for many years been in charge of a large post-office. So far from being a candidate, he did not even know that he was under consideration till he was offered the position. The place sought him, not he the place.

These selections illustrate the principle which governed the administration of the trust. With the nucleus thus satisfactorily determined the work of organization proceeded. Other experts were picked out for the various bureaus, and the task of creating a system out of almost nothing was taken up. There were embarrassments and difficulties of the most serious character. It was hard to get correct information and even to assure any sort of service until new plans could be made. Some of the old postmasters refused to take the oath of allegiance or to answer questions. The working machinery, poor at the very best, was broken and disorganized. But the men who had been charged with the duty soon began to bring order out of chaos, and in a few weeks the outlines of a new system and a vast improvement became apparent.

The plan was to model the postal service of Cuba on that of the United States, applying our methods and principles just so far as the conditions would permit. The first thing was to inspire confidence in the integrity of the mails. Stamps were always procurable at face value; distribution was prompt; free delivery was established; carriers were not allowed to charge any fee; collections and deliveries were multiplied; registration was simplified and made sacred; the money-order system was introduced and operated with remarkable success and great popularity; the railway mail service was completely reorganized, and the handling of the mails taken out of turned seats in a passenger car and carried on in a separate and secure compartment constructed for that exclusive purpose.

The introduction of the money-order system especially was altogether new and proved eminently acceptable and advantageous to a people who had greatly needed such facilities but had never enjoyed them. Outside of Havana there are few or no banks in Cuba. The methods in vogue in more advanced countries for money exchanges are not available. The merchant in Matanzas who wanted to send money to Havana lacked the means with which we are familiar. The establishment of the money-order service on the lines of the system in the United States supplied the channel which was so much needed. How advantageous it proved is shown by the surprising extent of its use. For the first quarter of 1899, 6,362 money orders were issued, amounting in the aggregate to $174,983.91, while for the second quarter the number of orders was 11,402 and the aggregate amount $340,724.06, both number and aggregate being substantially doubled. This rapid and large increase indicated how quickly general confidence was inspired and how ready the people were to avail themselves of a plan which assured security, promptness and cheapness. Indeed, the efficiency and economy of the service were such that, beyond its original design, it came to be used for large banking exchanges. The magnitude of the operations may be seen in the fact that in one day of the third quarter 1,212 orders were issued in Havana alone, the aggregate amount of which was $115,048.02. The money-order system does not contemplate this general banking business. It was instituted to provide for the safe and cheap transmission of small amounts, and, in order to check this volume of extra business and restore the service to its natural and intended channels, it was found necessary to raise the rate and limit the number. The registry system had a corresponding growth in public favor, and when it is known that only one piece of registered matter was lost

POSTMASTER THOMPSON OF HAVANA AND HIS ASSISTANT, SENOR JUNCOSA — A MAIL CART IN GUAM — THE DEPARTMENT OF POSTS AND CITY POST-OFFICE IN HAVANA



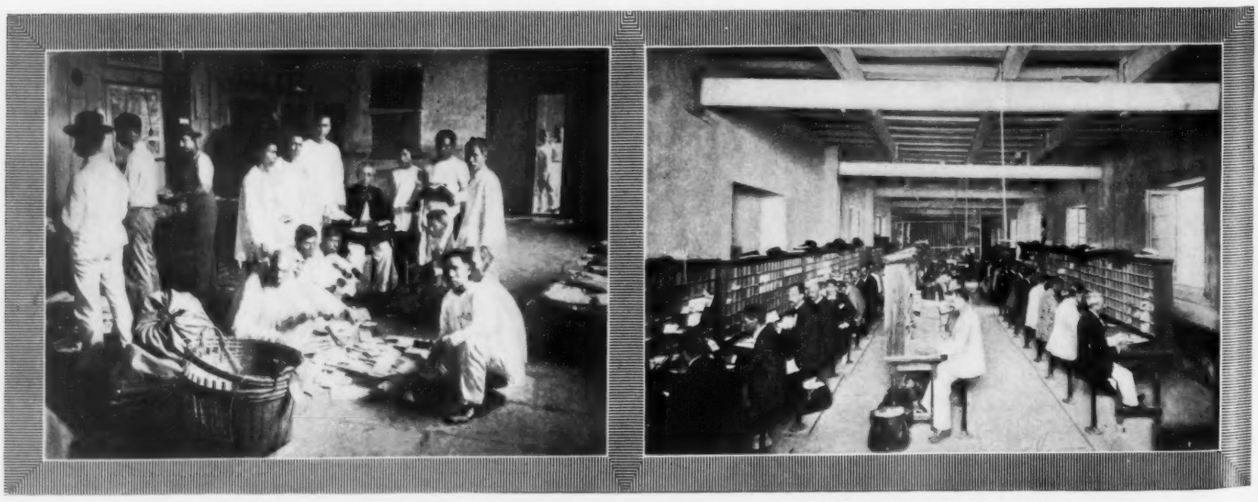
THE POST-OFFICE TRANSLATION BUREAU IN HAVANA — DIRECTOR-GENERAL RATHBONE, HAVANA — THE TEMPORARY POST-OFFICE IN ILOILO, P. I.

by theft during the year (and even that was recovered) it will be seen that this confidence was well founded.

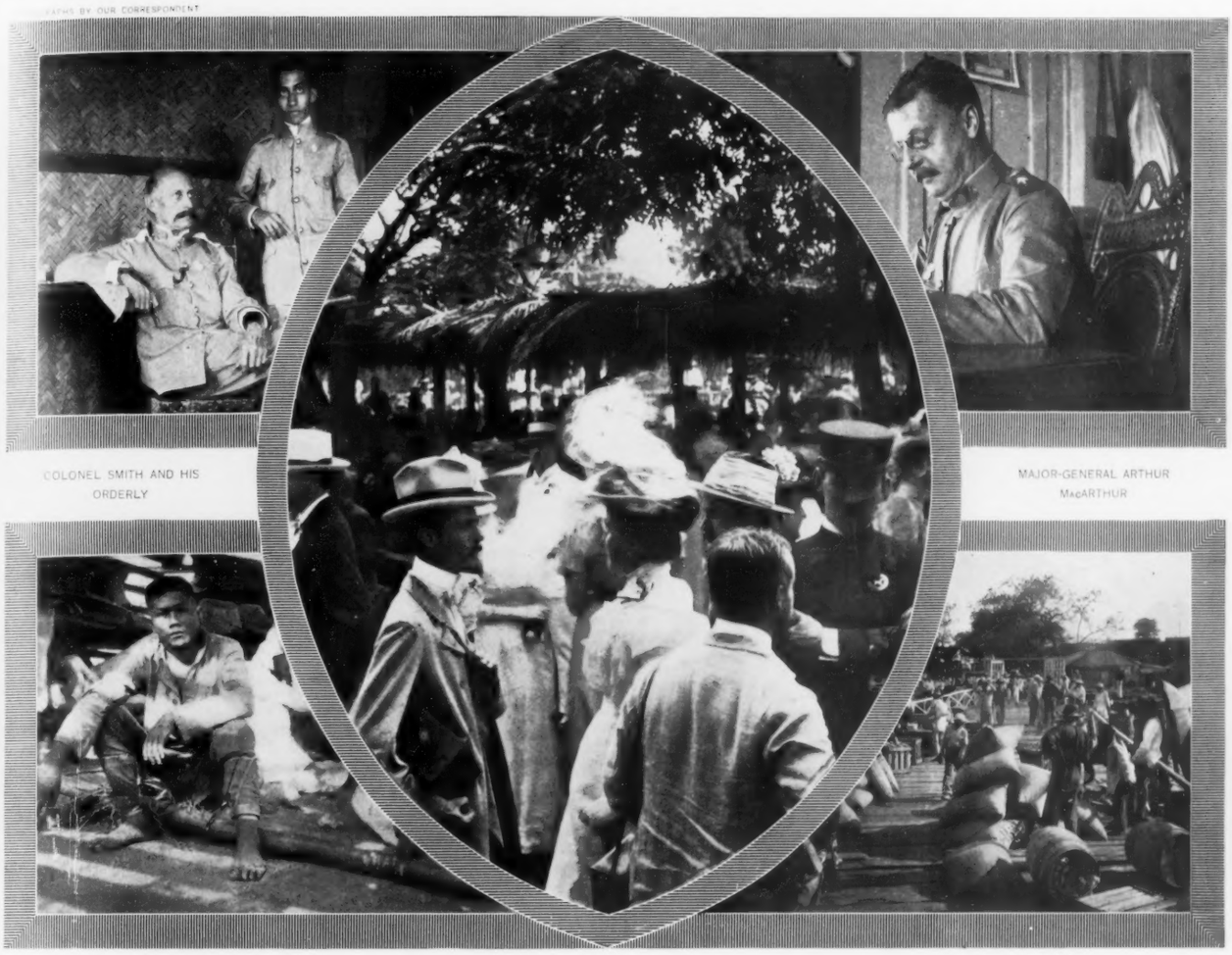
It must be borne in mind that the conditions in Cuba are widely different from those which prevail in this country. The percentage of illiteracy is far greater, and consequently there is very much less letter-writing. The postal receipts in the United States amount to $1.26 per capita, while in Cuba for the past year the postal revenues per capita were a little less than 16 cents. But for Havana the average would have been much less. In Havana the revenue was 40 cents a head, while the next highest province was Matanzas, with a ratio of 13 cents. In the remaining provinces the figure was only 5 cents. With this very limited support there must inevitably be a limit to the expenditure and to the grade of the service. The cost must be cut somewhat according to the cloth. But, with all these difficulties, the service has been immeasurably beyond what the people have heretofore been accustomed to. As they become educated, and as social and business conditions improve, the mails and their revenues will advance, and in any event the system has been so well organized and inaugurated on progressive American lines that there never can be a return to the old order of things.

The ruling principle which has guided all this work has been to make a Cuban service for the Cubans. It was necessary to send American experts to organize and direct the system and to train the Cubans for efficient participation. But the purpose kept steadily in view has been to send the smallest number of Americans compatible with these requirements and to use the natives wherever possible. The roster shows that there are 750 employés in the postal service of Cuba, of whom only 104 are Americans, and these are chiefly in the department headquarters and the Havana post-office. There are 273 post-offices on the island, of which 251 are in charge of Cubans. The remainder are, for the present, under the direction of American acting postmasters, who are instructing their subordinates and fitting them to assume control. As fast as these assistants become qualified, they are made postmasters and the Americans retired. In this way the Cubans will have the benefit of American methods, while holding the service in their own hands. In making every plan it is borne in mind that the system is made for them and not for the United States, and that at an early day they may be called to administer it altogether. When that time shall come, they will find it well organized and capable of being easily taken up and carried forward on the same lines.

What has been said as to the character of the service in Cuba, and as to the work of supplanting it with a new and improved American system, will apply in general terms to Porto Rico and the Philippines. Trained men were put in charge of both of these acquisitions. Mr. H. M. Robinson, an experienced railway mail superintendent, was sent at the outset to Porto Rico. Mr. F. W. Vaille, who had similar qualifications, took a staff of competent men and proceeded to Manila. Porto Rico, being a small and compact island, was speedily covered, and the American system, with all of its various features, was promptly put into effective operation. The same principles were followed as to the employment of natives wherever practicable which have been described as applied in Cuba, and though Porto Rico has a very large percentage of illiteracy, and has suffered deep distress through its devastating hurricane, the general results have been quite as satisfactory as could be expected. In the Philippines our service has been extended as fast as the American forces have possessed and occupied the islands. American post-offices are now handling the mails, not only at Manila, but over a large part of Luzon, at Iloilo, and various other places throughout the archipelago. American rule and influence will, we confidently believe, carry blessings and benefits to the new peoples who have come under the flag, and in no feature more distinctly than in an honest, thorough and progressive postal service.



MANILA LETTER CARRIERS HANDLING SOLDIERS' MAIL — HAVANA CARRIERS SORTING THE GENERAL MAIL



COLONEL SMITH AND HIS ORDERLY

MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR MacARTHUR

IN COLONEL SMITH'S "PEN"

A PROMENADE CONCERT IN MANILA

ON THE CAVITE PIER

THE PACIFICATION OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY FREDERICK PALMER

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

BAUTISTA, PROVINCE OF PANGASINAN, LUZON, P. I., MARCH 10

GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL

IT IS EIGHT months since General MacArthur has been in Manila and nearly as many weeks since he has been outside of Bautista. So that division headquarters is somewhere along the line of the railroad, and, as it is in touch by wire with the many garrisons of the division, it little matters where it is located. For, instead of commanding an army in the field, the General is now at the head of a force larger than that of the whole Eighth Army Corps of a year ago—which is, strictly speaking, a vast constabulary.

The bungalow which he and his staff occupy was built for the residence of the agent of one of the great English commercial houses which have interests at every port and in every town of considerable size in the island. At Bautista they own a large rice mill. In the days when Spanish lethargy was undisturbed by rebellion the agent lived in the bungalow with a dozen or more servants and retainers. Accommodations which were more than ample for a bachelor are somewhat cramped for the staff of a major-general and the clerical force of a scattered division. When the agent returned to take charge of his mill he became a member of the General's mess, and built for himself a nipa house back in the grounds, where he could go for a siesta, be away from the typewriters, and invite his friends to join him in looking at the English illustrated papers and drinking a whiskey-and-soda in that delightful hour of relaxation in the tropics when the sun is setting and you are looking forward to dinner.

Considering his good health, it is not surprising that the General takes a roseate view of the climate of the Philippines. He has learned the great secret of doing his work in the cool of the early morning and the late afternoon, and taking a siesta at noonday. He does not look a day older than when he began his skilful advance from La Loma Church to Malolos. For his age, fifty-five years, he is the youngest man in the Eighth Army Corps. Whether his machine is a thousand or a hundred thousand man-power, it is bound to be smoothly running. More than any other man in our army he has mastered the art of staff organization. His staff is a post-graduate school of military education. Only one of the members of a year ago remain with him. The others have been graduated. Bell, his favorite pupil, has risen from a captain of cavalry to be a brigadier-general. He makes his young men valuable to him at the same time that he prepares them for a career.

It was while his headquarters were in the very bungalow that General MacArthur occupies, that Aguinaldo and his colleagues decided upon their present course of war, which is so exasperating to our troops. Each band shifts for itself, with the understanding that it is working for a common cause. Their tactics are either to catch a lone soldier or officer or a small patrol away from assistance, or to lead one of the punitive expeditions which are going out every day into an ambush. We are beginning to believe that no presidente, no matter what his pretensions are, is to be trusted, and that the one honest town in the Malolos Valley is Malolos itself. Malolos refuses to elect a presidente. Its leading citizens say that they do not want the Americans in their country, and they do not propose to assist in upbuilding any such institutions. Our officers are becoming more and more convinced that while, on the one hand, we must show the greatest liberality in the treatment of the natives, on the other hand, only Spanish severity will have a salutary effect. The presidente who betrays us, it is feared, will have to be given more summary punishment than a few days in jail as a wholesome example to the others.

In walking through the streets of Bautista one sees nothing, except in the presence of the soldiers, suggestive of anything but a quiet and peace-loving village. The houses are all occupied; the little shops are open; the women chatter and bargain in the market as they did in the old days; and the plodding carabao, with a native astride his back, draws cartloads of rice into the mill from the country. But the jail—or "pen," as he calls it—which has been devised by Colonel Smith of the Seventeenth Infantry, whose regiment is stationed at Bautista, shows the other aspect of the situation. Entirely the product of the Colonel's ingenuity, it is nothing more nor less than a big cage made by steel rails piled one on another after the fashion of a rail fence.

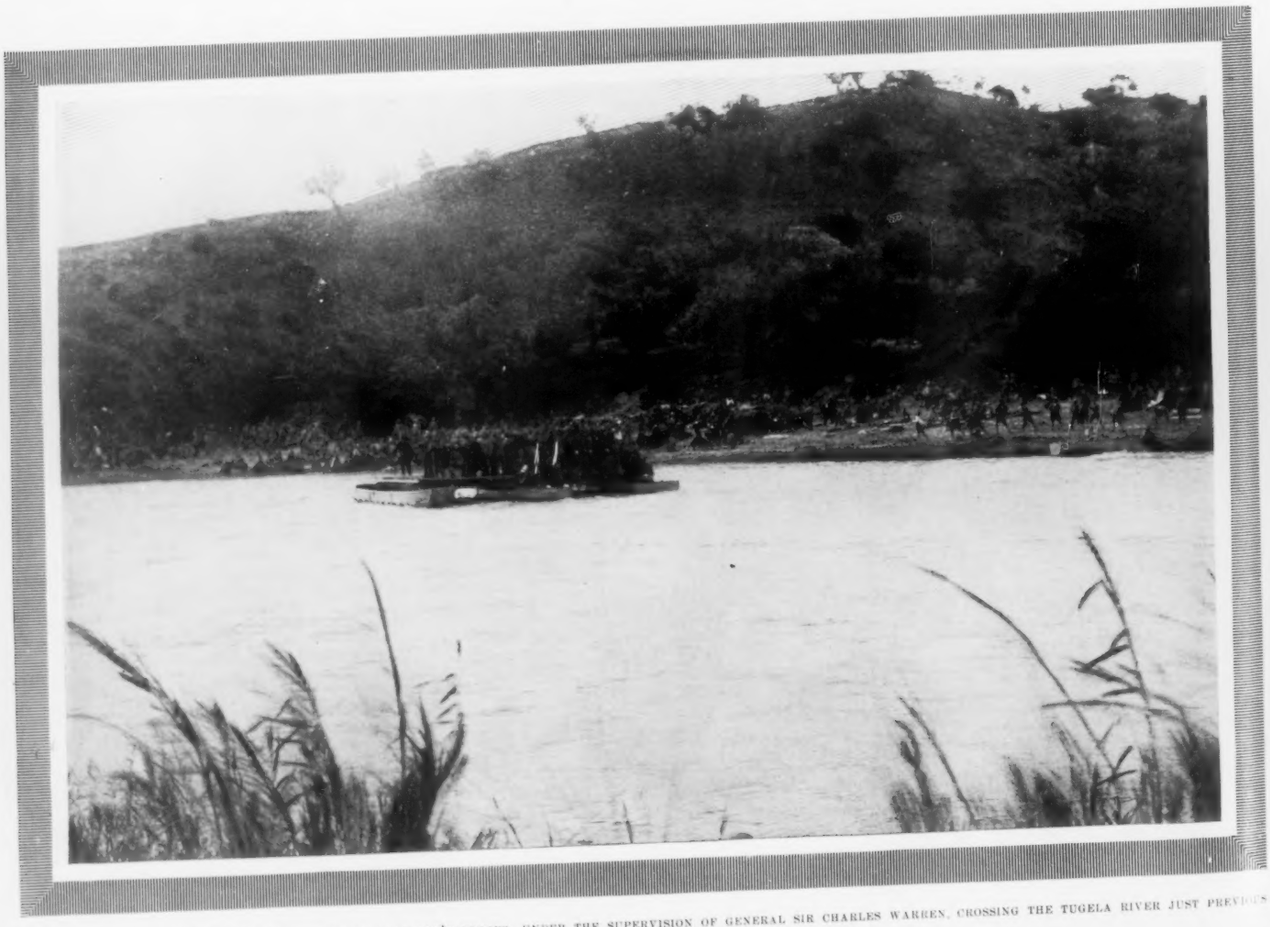
"My jail," says the Colonel, "gives the erring brethren some reason to think on their sins. It is the hottest place in the islands by day and the coolest by night. A good many that I've put in have confessed to their crimes and said that they would rather suffer any punishment than remain there any longer."

Among the prisoners is the presidente of Alcali, who now wears shackles as the result of having invited the Colonel out to his barrio to spend the evening with a view of having him surrounded and captured. The Colonel was warned beforehand of the plan and turned the tables. In turn he danced with the lady guests of the presidente and played the flute for others to dance. He even shammed drunkenness, to the delight of the presidente, who saw him as good as taken. At two o'clock in the morning he left the party and at daylight he took by surprise the band which had aimed to surprise him and annihilated it. The Colonel's enthusiasm is such that he commands in person, whether he sends a platoon or a company out on the track of a body of ladrones. He is always accompanied by his secretary, Antonio Busca, a young Filipino who a few weeks ago was the adjutant general of the insurgent general San Miguel. There is not a soldier in the Colonel's command who keeps his khaki suit cleaner or his buttons brighter than Busca. The difficulty is to keep him out of the thick of the fight. Colonel Smith feels a sense of responsibility for him, as his throat certainly would be cut if he ever fell into the hands of his old comrades.

"I like very much to fight with the Americans," says Busca, who is learning English, "because they do not run away. Our soldiers always ran. We could not make them stand. They run just the same if we take out our revolvers and tell them that we shoot them. I would like very much to go back to America with Colonel Smith to get the education."

The presidente of Tarlac, the capital of the province of Tarlac, is another presidente who is in jail. No one questioned his loyalty until we found among the papers in the possession of a captured insurgent officer a letter signed by him as chief of the province, in which he directed the subchief to deceive us as to the direction of certain roads so that we should be led into an ambush. In theory, allowing the people to elect their own presidentes is fine. In practice, as you see, it does not always work out well, when the voters are entirely against us. The presidentes refuse almost invariably, on the ground that the people have no money, to lay taxes for improvements. Yet the people never want for railroad fares. The trains cannot accommodate all that want to ride, now that we have reformed the management of the railroad. If anything ever needed "reform" it was this railroad. Under the old régime, the soldiers who were acting as guard had a "trust" which exacted tribute from everybody who sent freight by it and from most of the native passengers. Inasmuch as the English company who owns it will not take it back until we have come to some understanding with them as to the reparation that they shall receive, and General Otis refuses to agree to this, the railroad has been organized as a government institution under the direction of Captain Sibert of the Engineers. An accident a day is no longer a regular thing. There is one train each way every day for officers and soldiers, one for natives and one for freight. Nothing has yet been done toward strengthening the roadbed where the freshets of the rainy season will carry it away, or toward rebuilding the many box-cars which the insurgents burned. So the rolling stock is quite inadequate to bring into Manila the great stores of rice which lie at every station. The inbound freights bring what rice they can and the outbound freights carry provisions for the army. There are few garrisons which do not get fresh meat twice a week. For those which are distant from the railroad, mule-trains regularly connect between them and the stations which are the distributing points. Meanwhile, trains of carabao carts are carrying out rations to last the garrisons through the rainy season when transit will be more difficult. With the approach of the rainy season, the error of not having constructed military roads during the dry season and of not having equipped mounted constabulary which can move quickly from one point to another is becoming more and more evident. With proper roads, ten mounted men would be worth a hundred infantrymen. But the initiative in this, as in other things which the army thinks ought to be done, lies entirely with General Otis.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA——THE BRITISH ARMY, UNDER COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF LORD ROBERTS, ENTERING BLOEMFONTEIN, ORANGE FREE STATE. THE TROOPS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH BELONG TO THE SIXTH DIVISION, UNDER GENERAL KELLY KENNY

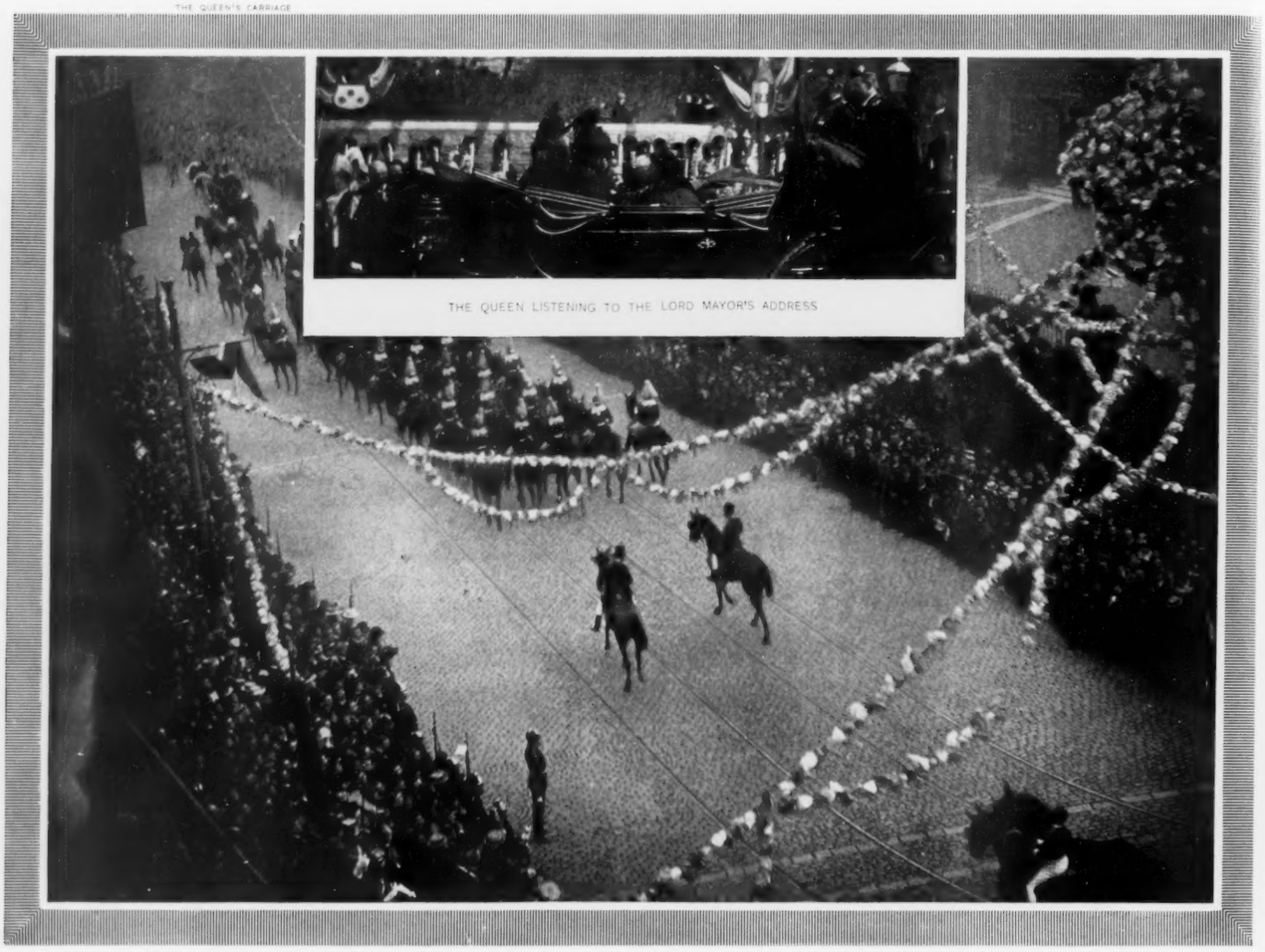


THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA——GENERAL BULLER'S TROOPS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, CROSSING THE TUGELA RIVER JUST PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLE OF TUGELA HEIGHTS

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA——LORD ROBERTS, THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND STAFF AT BREAKFAST IN THE PRESIDENCY AT BLOEMFONTEIN, ORANGE FREE STATE. LORD ROBERTS IS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE AND IS INDICATED BY A CROSS

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA——SIR CHARLES WARREN POINTING OUT WHERE PONTOONS ARE TO BE PLACED ACROSS THE TUGELA IN HIS MOVEMENT NORTH FOR THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE



THE QUEEN LISTENING TO THE LORD MAYOR'S ADDRESS

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO IRELAND—THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY HER BODYGUARD, PASSING TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

LONDON LETTER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

ALL THE Anglophobes in Europe are rejoicing. They dance round the recumbent British Lion with as much delight as though they believed him dead instead of dozing. Indubitably the fortunes of war have taken another turn. Koorn Spruit was a superb instance of dogged English courage, and no wonder that Colonel Broadwood felt proud of his men. But the reverse of Reddersburg, following so quickly, has made folk ask one another, with alarmed faces, "Is there any danger that they'll get our 'Bobs' into a trap?" There is danger, of course, for Lord Roberts now finds his "mobility" at a very low ebb. He lacks capable horses, and slight wonder. What he and General French and a few other brilliant aids have accomplished thus far has been due to horses and mules alone. Nearly 1,500 of these animals, it has been estimated, were killed, in the dash to Kimberley, out of 5,000. The fine marching of the infantry merits extraordinary praise. But now, a fatigue both human and equine is indeed only natural. For a long time past one hundred horses *per diem* have been shipped from this country to South Africa, but these are temporarily useless after the voyage. Besides, it is a long stretch from Cape Town to Bloemfontein. Beyond a shadow of doubt the Boers, who now seem quite environing the Free State capital, are determined to isolate Lord Roberts.

If the unexpected always happens anywhere it may be said to happen in war. Some persons laugh at the idea of a pitched battle now being securable, no matter to what degree of desperation the British commander may desire it. A little while ago London rang with exultant shouts over the relief of two beleaguered cities, the almost theatric surrender of Cronje, and the easy-seeming yet highly scientific outflanking movement of Lord Roberts. To-day the latter is in imminent peril of being completely cut off from water supplies, with his army rendered immobile both for the reasons I have just given and a lack of decent clothes and boots wherewith to defend thousands of men against approaching winter rigors. General Gatacre at Springfontein must sentinel precious communications, and hence he, with a concourse of stalwart troops, must remain largely inactive. A vast tract of the Orange Free State now swarms with Boers—from Thaba'nchu to Rouxville, we are told, and from Ladybrand and Wepner to Reddersburg, already so shadowed by calamity for the invading power. This means an area of no less than one hundred square miles. And yet, a month ago, the British flag was in this huge district almost everywhere visible. One fact is certain: the Boers grow more and more guerilla-like in their attacks and retreats. They will not meet their enemy front to front, but with feints and ambuscades alone. They have shown immense subtlety, and beyond all question it is now admitted that both their courage and shrewdness have been underestimated with fatal folly.

Strangely enough, the first attempt ever made upon the Prince of Wales's life occurred while his august mother was in a country full of her worst foes. The whole affair, in its bungling madness, took so brief a while that one can readily believe neither the Prince nor Princess felt any actual shock. The unhappy young Sipido is widely believed, here, to have been a tool of Belgian if not Continental spleen. Of course the Belgians are nationally nearer to the Dutch, and hence to the two struggling Republics, than they are to England. But Anglophobia appears, just now, ubiquitous throughout the Continent. Luckily Anarchy is not, and those who fear its deadly duplicities may console themselves with one fact: that it is just as silly as it is viperish. Of all women on earth the poor Empress of Austria, with an utter avoidance of politics and the memory of a ghastly affliction that drove her like some wounded deer from place to place, was the last being on earth whom Anarchy could "profit" by murdering. And of the Prince of Wales, though his stars have proved more fortunate, almost the same might be said. He has never given the faintest active support to any governmental measure or shown either for it or against it the faintest discernible prejudice. His assassination, had it been successful, would not have prolonged or delayed the war by a single hour. If young Sipido was really pushed onward by desperadoes older than himself and organized into a band as well, then these individuals united their bloodthirstiness to an ignorance curiously dense. Even granting that their motive is in a certain hideous and malevolent way sincere, it never creates the wild disorder which they evidently desire. Czar succeeds czar, king succeeds king, president succeeds president, and the very institutions aimed at are given new life by the crimes of these unhappy wretches. For the people, stung equally to wrath and pity, forget in their slaughtered ruler whatever faults may have stained him, and thousands who have grudged him a royal crown are eager to invest him with a martyr's.

A good deal of newspaper "capital" has been made out of the sad mishap at Koorn Spruit. The humorous side of war is shown in certain published statements regarding this doleful event. Perhaps nothing could more purely flavor of the apocryphal than a statement of what happened when the Boers, finding their prey completely at their mercy, gave the order "Hands up!" Then, we are told, a British officer obeyed this command, at which a fellow-officer, riding beside him, instantly blew out his companion's brains, and the next moment received from the enemy a like fate himself. This, however, though more luridly sensational, is even less credible than another tale. I mean that which represents the Boers as having found among these outpost columns which they captured "plans going back almost to the time of the Raid—plans which will prove most valuable in the game of check and counter-check, for working to Johannesburg from Mafeking along Jameson's route, yet amended, so as to avoid his mistakes." But, after all, we should remember that the war correspondent is only mortal. And the demand made upon him, just now, is drastic even unto pathos. Can we blame him for sometimes giving rein to his imagination when everything about him is in a state of explosion and the wet ink of his manuscript stands an excellent chance of being sanded by a bursting shell? Nevertheless, an assertion that Lord Roberts's confidential papers (doubtless very "secret," valuable and important) are allowed to go fluttering about in the precarious custody of his military skirmishers and are not guarded carefully at his headquarters, may well be called a morsel somewhat difficult to swallow.

The recent *accouchement* of the Duchess of York gives great satisfaction to that portion of the British people comprehended by the term "loyal," and one which just now constitutes, to all appearances, an enormous majority. England, thus generally speaking, likes to see the direct royal line made secure from possible deflections, and among the latter she would have rated either the succession of the Duchess of Fife or of her two little daughters. Neither of these three are Guelphs; they are Duffs, and the young ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff are not royal at all. Parliament could, of course, make either of them so if it were a question of practical heirship; but at present they are simply the children of an English (or Scotch) duke. Yet stranger things have happened in the history of this land than the potential elevation of one of them to the throne. The Duke of York, however, has now three sons and one daughter—all indisputable Guelphs. On Victoria's death the Prince of Wales will become king under the strikingly historic title of Edward VII. He will probably not reign long, as he is now somewhat advanced in years. The Duke of York will follow him as George V., and if his eldest son survives he will in turn be crowned as Edward VIII. On her accession in the character of Queen Consort the Duchess of York will be the first woman who for many years has occupied the British throne without a claim of actual royal birth. To republican ears this difference may seem trivial enough. Nevertheless it is true that Princess May of Teck was born a Serene and not a Royal Highness. She has now become, of course, through her marriage, the latter. But though in her veins flows the blood of the Georges, it is no less true that her father, the late Duke of Teck, was the child of a morganatic marriage between a German prince and a Hungarian countess, and that this species of union would be held as null and the children born of it frankly illegitimate in the country over which she is perhaps destined soon to reign.

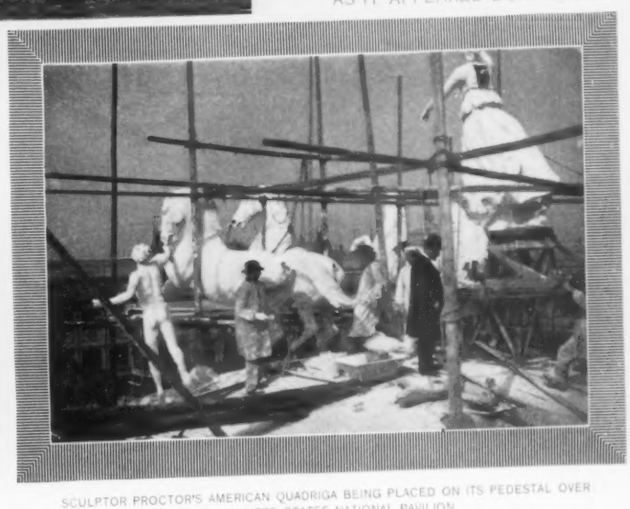
Since war and warriors are a subject now on myriads of lips, the recent demise of Osman Pasha has roused, one fancies, all the stronger memorial thrill. For pure bravery he was never surpassed. Turks are proverbial fighters, but Osman was a prodigy even among these. His defence of Plevna made the whole world wonder. It has been well said of Plevna that you quote it as the very definition of a fortress, just as Gibraltar is quoted as that of a great naval vantage. The Russians drew slowly and inexorably round Osman, who tossed to the wind every hint of surrender. The Russian army numbered more than twice that of the Turks. One day Skobeleff, with overwhelming forces, drove the enemy from their intrenchments. The next day, in a spirit of almost unparalleled hardihood, Osman, by a counter-assault, swept his men back into the position just captured. During one "week of carnage," as it has been called, Russia lost through Osman nearly twenty thousand men, besides having him inflict upon her one of the direst defeats ever recorded. Ultimately he surrendered, of course, but after a siege of almost five months. It is because of his stupendous tenacity and ability that Turkey retains to-day her place upon the map of Europe. Owing to these alone the Mosque of St. Sophia still continues a Moslem temple, and the Mass of the Greek faith still remains uncelebrated within its walls after four centuries of Mohammedan worship.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF

THE UNITED STATES PAVILION AS IT APPEARED DURING APRIL

THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION, ON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, SURMOUNTED BY THE "MODERN PARISIENNE"



SCULPTOR PROCTOR'S AMERICAN QUADRIGA BEING PLACED ON ITS PEDESTAL OVER THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL PAVILION

PARIS LETTER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

YESTERDAY (April 12) I haunted the Exposition searching for signs of its completion, but the vast enterprise looks as much unfinished as ever. I happened to stroll into the United States Army and Navy section on the Quai d'Orsay, and, in lieu of the complete installation which I expected to find, a large empty space, unprovided even with flooring, greeted my eyes. A solitary American bluejacket was standing up against a case resignedly watching half a dozen French laborers who were indulging in a prolonged discussion as to which of them should go to the nearest bodegat for a pail of water. Becoming aware of my presence and of my nationality, the Yankee vented his feelings to me. "This is the way it goes on all the time," he exclaimed. "These chaps have been jabbering like this for half an hour. It is positively all they do—jabber, jabber, jabber, without taking breath, but nary a bit of good solid work will they accomplish. The American contractor who came over here on spec and secured the contract for putting up this section is at his wits' end. He doesn't speak a word of French, so he had to farm out the job to a French contractor. The French contractor got a gang of men to come here and begin operations. After fussing around for an hour or two they all adjourned to the nearest café for their absinthe and that was the last we saw of them. We were not any more lucky with a second gang, who took all day to even out a few square feet of earth and then said adieu for keeps. The men you see there have been filling up that small hole to the right since early this morning and they are already tired. I tell you it's positively disheartening. The American contractor is going mad. I guess he'll give France a wide berth when this job is over."

The American bluejacket's remarks, though pessimistic, are unfortunately in accordance with the fact that socialistic doctrines and strong drink have of recent years tended to impair the efficiency of the French workingmen, who, twenty years ago were so highly praised for their sobriety and capacity for work. The laborers on the Exposition Grounds are aware that they hold the situation in the hollow of their hand. They have grown exacting as to pay and correspondingly negligent and remiss as regards performing their duties. The United States section should, on the whole, be as far advanced as it is, under these adverse circumstances, speaks well for the energy and sagacity displayed by the various American department directors and by Mr. Peck's staff generally.

The rivalry for first place in the industrial field seems to be narrowed down among the foreign nations to Germany and the United States. At the present writing the Germans appear to be the furthest ahead of all, but, according to Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, America will come in triumphantly at the dead-heat. The American exhibits will occupy no less than thirty-one separate locations, including the Vincennes Annex, many of which have only been conceded at the eleventh hour, thanks to the persistence with which Mr. Peck has returned to the charge.

To the disappointment and vexation of the majority of Parisians, and especially of artistic circles, the exceedingly ugly and meaningless statue of "A Modern Parisienne" seems destined to remain on its pedestal above the grand entrance on the Place de la Concorde. From the very moment the stiff and ungainly figure was put into position protestations began to pour in on the Exposition Commission, both on the score of its lack of artistic merit and of its entire failure to justify its name. A modern Parisian woman, it was argued, does not attire herself in a costume suggesting the times of Francis I., excepting perhaps at masked balls; and then, again, a modern Parisian woman is the personification of grace and beauty, not a stiff lay figure. The outcry became so general that the government felt itself forced to act, and one fine day we learned, through the medium of the press, that Waldeck-Rousseau himself had given orders for the offending object to be lowered from its pedestal and cast into outer darkness. What has since occurred? No one knows, excepting perhaps the Premier and the much-abused sculptor Moreau-Vautier, but certain it is that the "Modern Parisienne" still flaunts her ugliness in the face of the outraged community, and is in all likelihood destined to continue so doing until the end of the Exposition.

The managers of the "Vieux Paris" had the happy inspiration to open their marvellous show for one day last week for the benefit of the Relief Fund of several Paris press associations. The occasion was graced by the presence of President Loubet and a number of celebrities of art, literature and science, and proved a very profitable affair, the admittance fee being no less than twenty francs. "Vieux Paris" is certainly a very interesting institution. The artist Robida, who designed the buildings, has succeeded in giving us a most realistic idea of the French capital of four centuries ago. There is not a nook or corner that does not bear the evidence of thorough historical research, and the rich costumes of the attendants are also designed according to authentic documents of the same period. "Vieux Paris" contains no less than seven entertainment-halls, one of exceptional size, in which the Anton Seidl of Paris, Edouard Colonne, leads one of the finest orchestras of Europe. Eugénie Buffet, the Maggie Cline of Paris, has also her "cabaret" there, the booth where she sings the songs that coaxed so many thousands of francs from the passers-by during her street rounds, a few years ago, for the benefit of the sick and wounded of the Madagascar expedition.

The news of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil's death at Boshof created a very painful sensation here in Paris, and, I imagine, all over France, even among those whose political opinions were strongly opposed to the colonel's. I except, of course, Yves Guyot, whose aspersions on the dead man's memory are in accord with his systematic hostile criticism of every one and everything even remotely connected with the Catholic Church. The deceased's brother, the Vicomte de Villebois-Mareuil, decided at first to start for Africa to bring back the remains, not wishing them to be interred in Protestant soil. However, the colonel's will, when opened, was found to commence with the words, "I wish to be buried where I shall fall," and the project of repatriating the body had to be abandoned. This incident brings out the fact that all the French officers, many of them noblemen, who have placed their swords at the service of the Boer cause are devout Catholics. By a strange perversion of ideas, the French Huguenots have not only failed to take part in the pro-Boer agitation in any of its varied forms, but have rather seemed to dislike their brethren in South Africa. The religious strife engendered by the Dreyfus affair is so violent that it has sufficed for the Catholic element to espouse the cause of the two republics in order to rouse the contrary sentiment in the Protestants!

De Villebois-Mareuil, who had been a widower for many years, has left an only daughter, a charming young girl of eighteen, now in the care of her uncle. The poor child, knowing her father's impetuosity and disregard of his personal safety, had long had a presentiment that she would never see him again. When the fatal news arrived in Paris her uncle, fearing the shock to her nerves, decided to break the news to her by degrees. "Your father," he began, "was at the head of a detachment which the English captured at Boshof yesterday." "Then I know he is dead," replied the girl, clutching at the table for support. "Father would never let the English take him alive." The confirmation of her presentiment came a moment later through the cries of the newsboys in the street: "Demandez la mort du Colonel Villebois-Mareuil!—"

The Salon is a dismal failure this year, as was universally predicted. The Société des Artistes Français is the only one to exhibit, and only a small proportion of its best members have sent contributions. Varnishing day was well attended as regards numbers, but there was a perceptible falling off in the social tone of the visitors. I met my concierge in the crowd—which tells the whole story. It was a very discouraging affair generally.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

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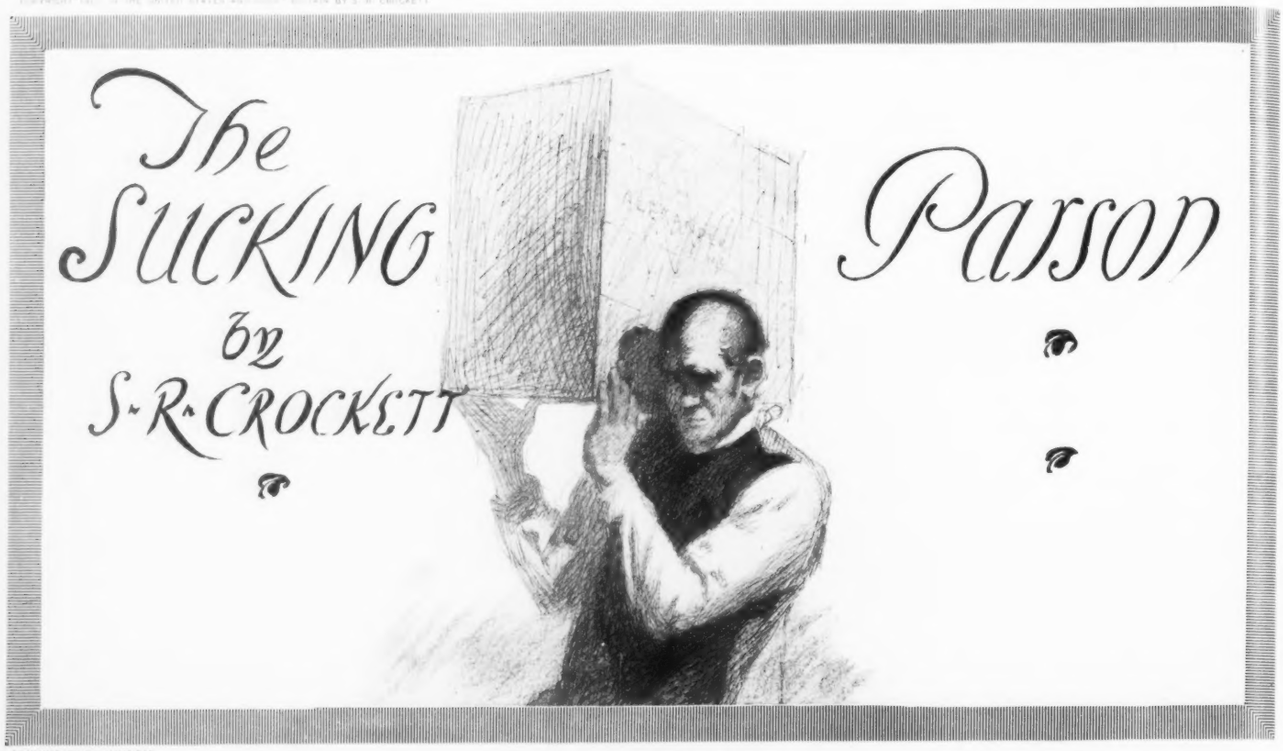


DRAWINGS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

"YE KEN I WAS YINCE A CAIRTER MYSEL'"

NOTE—"THE SUCKING PARSON" IS THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF SIX SHORT STORIES BY MR. CROCKETT, AUTHOR OF "THE RAIDERS," "JOAN OF THE SWORDHAND," ETC., DEALING WITH THE FORTUNES OF "EVIL MERODACH," A SCOTCH DIVINITY STUDENT OF MOST REMARKABLE CHARACTER. THESE STORIES WILL APPEAR AT INTERVALS OF A MONTH AND WILL BE PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

ALL THAT last winter session of mine at Edinburgh I saw Ninian at least once or twice a week, and grew more and more in love with the singular mixture he presented of militant spirituality and the most engaging worldliness.

He would look in upon me as I sat under the mellow rays of my reading-lamp—the kind with deep-green shade and oil that gurgles interiorly every six minutes and a half or so.

"Dinna let me disturb ye, Alec," he would say, thrusting his mildly cherubic face round the edge of the door, "but I'm nearly drove oot o' my wits wi' this weary Laitin. It's Tacitus, man, and the God-forsaken brute leaves oot the verbs. But I've wrestled in prayer for the Lord to vouchsafe me the victory. *Ye havena sic a thing as a Kelly's crib aboot ye, hae ye?*"

Now the landlady had been strictly enjoined not to allow any one to pass the portal, but like the rest of us she never could resist Ninian. Indeed, I could tell when he was coming by the unwonted cordiality in the voice of my Cerberus, as well as the bursts of laughter which came from Christina, my landlady's pretty daughter, as soon as ever she opened the door.

Sometimes, if I happened to be particularly busy, I would tell Ninian to go away, which he would do without a murmur; but from the ringing mirth through the wall of the tall, ill-built tenement house I was able to discover that his cheerful wit was still, as it were, being consumed upon the premises.

But if, on the contrary, I felt death-weary of my book and colored plates of dissections, I would welcome the eclectic Highlandman with enthusiasm, throwing "Hickman upon Headaches" and "Parley's Poisons" to the moles and the bats—or at least into the utmost corner of the room.

"Come your ways, Ninian," I would say, drawing that long breath of relief which only the hard-working and hard-worked medical student knows (who crams undigested cropfuls of lore for four years and learns his profession afterward)—"come your ways in, lad—I'll make you a dish of tea."

"Heeven forbid!" he would cry, carefully arranging his wet bonnet and cloak in front of the fire to dry, and setting the heels of his boots upon them; "ocht but tea—gie us nae mair o' that wash. Man, it's easy seen ye dinna consider your sowl and gang to the Corinthian Wynd 'Kan'* Mission or ye wad never propose ony mair o' that wersh slabbery brew!"

"Have you left your last mission, Ninian—the Candlemaker's Raw Christian Communists, wasn't it?" I would ask, in order to get him started.

"Aye, man, I just had to. Sowl and body wadna stand it. Their tea was fair deevilish (Heeven forgie me for usin' siccan a word!). They were guid laddies and soond on the Doctrine—but kenned nae mair aboot making tea than I ken aboot Tacitus. But the 'Kans' (domestic servants) at least make no miss o' giein' ye the best o' tea. There's my ain cousin Mary, a decent lass as ever was, brings a packet o't every nicht frae Professor Mucklerigg's. A friend o' hers fetches a pickle sugar, ithers bring baps and cake bread, and a cheeny-merchant roond the corner, a convertit man like mysel', lets them oot the cups and saucers verra reasonable and biles the water into the bargain. But, oh, man! there's a kind o' bonded store for whusky next door, and when the place warms up the smell fair drives me crazy. It minds me of my faither's hoose in the happy days afore I fell frae the priveeleges o' grace and gaed to leeve in Clesca and ither onsanctified places. Ye ken I am a Cammelton lad by birth. And oh, Alec, the like o' that toon is no on the face o' the earth for gospel endeavor and the wale o' whusky distilleries! And I think it was nocht but the Almichty poo'er an' the memory o' Cammelton that has brought me back to grace! But, oh! I canna stand the smell o' tea. It doesna 'gree wi' my stammack. Ye'll no be haein' a wee drappie in the bottle—juist as muckle as wad pit the taste oot o' my mooth. Thank ye, Alec! This bonny stuff never paid duty, I'se warrant. Man, it warms the road it gangs. It minds me o' the time I got Bow's leeniment frae the Dundee doctor and had ta'en two drams o't afore he came back an' telled me it was to be rubbit on external. But wi' the blessin' o' the Almichty and me being weel accustomed to Dundee whusky, Bow's leeniment did me nae hairm."

"HAE DONE THERE—I'M GAUN TO TURN ROOND IN HALF A MEENUTE!"

For, as may be gathered, Ninian was no ascetic—at least, not more than he could help. We were all more or less necessarily sparing in those days, and knew how to make a red herring go as far as any man—especially when we needed to buy a new class book, when we did without a dinner for a fortnight or three weeks as the case might be. It was about this time that Ninian found out when my mother was in the habit of sending me her monthly package, and after that he always called round to the carrier's quarters for it. This he did entirely on his own account. Then he would carry it all the way home from the Grassmarket under his arm or mounted on his shoulder, even though it contained a Stilton cheese, three or four pounds of butter, besides a liberal consignment of oat cake and soda scones. He would come marching in with self-consciously important tread, the landlady following with a broad grin on her face.

"There," he would say, laying the box reverently on the table, "I was juist passin' the 'Three Jolly Postboys' where the country carriers maistly pit up—and a decent hoose it is—when it cam' to me to speer gin there was ocht for you, Alec. So I e'en brocht the bit boxie aneath my airm. Ye ken I was yince a cairter mysel'. And though that's no the same thing as a lawfu' and 'sponsible cairrier, yet it has a smell o't. And to hae been a cairter in Dundee gies yin a kind o' position. Aye, it does that. A man that has the Gawlic and can sweer in Dundee Irish forbye—weel, he's respeckit! That's what he is—he's respeckit!"

"But surely you would not swear, Ninian—you that frequents all the missions in town?"

"Oh, it's no that I sweer—I dinna need to sweer. It's eneuch to hae the name o't. I mind a man in Cammelton—puir lad! he was weel brocht up, but took to ill courses and died a gowfer somewhere oot aboot Machrie. And the minister he hears him sweerin' yae day in a bunker at the fifteenth hole. 'Airchie,' he says to him, 'gin ye sweer that gait ye will for a surety land yoursel' in the Ill Bit!' 'Aweel,' says Airchie, 'if that be sae, minister, ye'll allow it wull be an advantage to ken the language!'"

But it was not till the close of the session, and in the very heart of the fine weather about the time of the "capping" that I really had an opportunity of finding out the true flavor of Ninian's quality.

Nance Chrystie, of whom at this present I need not say more (having in another place said so much), had pestered and persuaded her father that nothing would do but that she and her sister Grace must come up to Edinburgh to "do their shopping," and that he would be the better of going as far as Halkirk Tryst in the interests of business. So that it was as well that I had done with my studies for the time being, because these days of early summer were filled very full with something better than notebooks and lectures and spiders' webs spun upon blackboards.

By the especial kindness of Providence (I am learning Ninian's phrases), Grace, whom I had never much liked, was prevented from coming by a kind of income in her knee, and my own dear Hempie arrived in her place. Of her it is sufficient to say that she was Nance's youngest sister and a determined contemner of love.

Of course, I took the girls about a good deal to see the sights, paying special attention to Arthur's Seat and the famous Loch of Duddingston. At the latter place the Hempie threw stones in the water till she tired of the amusement, and completely broke up the harmony of the morning by exclaiming, "Hae done there—I'm gaun to turn roond in half a meenute!"

So after this we generally went several of us in a band, the Hempie refusing any further trios.

On one happy occasion—and a most glorious day it was—we crossed to Aberdour, having chartered a boat of our own

* "Kan": (derivation quite uncertain) signifies in Edinburgh a female domestic servant. I look with hope and confidence to Dr. Wright of the noble English Dialect Dictionary to reveal its unknown source.

at the pier of Leith. It was before the era of monster excursions, galvanized iron refreshment-rooms, and Sunday sailings; but still the place, being, as it were, so near a great city, could not escape an occasional irrigation of the flood-tide which has quite recently submerged it.

Aberdour was then small, clean, whitewashed, green-garnished, tree-embosomed. A kind of caller and crystalline quietness was perennial about it, as I remember the place. The waves broke softly on a sweep of untrodden sand, and the murmur of lovers whispering together in a sheltered nook and the wheeling seabirds out in the bay seemed altogether in harmony with this dreamlike stillness.

At any rate, it was like fairyland to be there that day. But then, so it would to have been anywhere with Nance Chrystie. There were half a dozen of us all told, students every one, and, as some of the "men" had brought their sisters (in order to make things more interesting by "chop, swop, barter, or exchange"), we made up a fairly large company.

But there was room for all in the green shades of Donnybristle; and up by the old dovecote tower in its sunshiny loft a wood pigeon was coo-rooing. This last brought to mind the old definition of a Fife laird:

"A wee puckle land,
A big puckle debt,
And a doo-cot."

It was, however, all too soon mid-afternoon, and time to be gathering for the home-going. We met by appointment on the bright forth-looking crag that fronts the distant metropolis. It is even now one of the most beautiful views in the world. The "City-set-on-a-hill" rises blue and purple across the flashing waters of the Firth. The smoke of ten thousand peaceful fires blows westward over the land, while above all the Castle towers—Arthur's Seat, with the Calton flanking it on either side. One may go very far and never see the like.

Nance fairly gasped with delight and clutched my arm pleasantly. Even the Hempie was sober and thoughtful for at least the space of a minute.

But we had all grown hungry, and the lunch (or, as it was then called, "luncheon") which we had brought with us had long passed away. It was arranged that several of us who had been there before and knew the ways of the place should go on ahead and order tea, leaving the rest to follow more slowly, in what order they liked.

So among others, Evil Merodach (as we then called Ninian Murdoch), John MacDonald and I hurried on toward the village. As we went we heard loud voices profaning the silences. They were shouting like men in liquor, and laughing as only city beanfeasters do when they are "out for the day" and have taken their cargo on board.

But we only shrugged our shoulders and said, "A good thing they did not arrive earlier," and went on our way, thinking no more of the matter.

When, however, we stood on the final crest under those great beeches which apparently endure for all time, I heard the voice I knew best in all the world—better even than my mother's—calling me.

"*Alec!—Alec!—Alec!*"

There was pain and terror in the sound, and, without waiting for more, I took to my heels and ran as nearly as I could determine in the direction of the cry. With scarce less alacrity the others followed. As I came over the brae I saw Nance and the Hempie with perhaps half a dozen men about them. One of these appeared to have his arm about Nance's waist, and the Hempie was standing at bay with an open penknife in her hand.

It may well be understood that at the sight I flew.

Seeing us coming, the men opened out and Nance ran toward me with a glad cry. Only the Hempie stood her ground, her little knife in her hand and her white teeth showing over her underlip.

I saw at a glance the sort of men we had to deal with. It was the time of the Musselburgh races, and these were evidently stated frequenters of the track, betting men and miscellaneous hangers getting rid of an off day. There were also women with them of their own kidney. We could hear their voices down by the shore.

"And now, sirs, what is the meaning of this?" I cried, all tingling with anger—a sort of calm trembling, which is the way that anger always takes me.

The men were mostly of the white, drawn-faced, spare-limbed type, hollow-eyed and haggard, that one sees most commonly among bookmakers at a big race meeting. But the man who had had his arm about Nance's waist was clearly of another sort. He was a big man, taller than I, almost as tall, indeed, as John MacDonald himself, and towering above Ninian, who had just come up and now stood close beside me all unbreathed.

"And what is that to you?" thundered this man, with a heavy bullying accent. His manner of speech showed his breeding and explained the ascendency which he evidently possessed over his companions.

"I will show you in a moment what it is to me," I answered as fiercely. "This young lady is under my protection."

"Protection!" said he, sneering.

"And mine!" said Ninian.

"And mine!" said John MacDonald, who by this time stood beside the Hempie.

A pugilistic-looking individual laughed a loud-coughing, roupy sort of laugh, in which all his company joined like the true sycophants they were.

"Oho," he cried, "three noble champions! Perhaps, if that one of you would be willing to do a little more than stand the lady with his mouth, which is all any of you have done so far!"

"Certainly," I retorted promptly, "you can have the pick of us."

He did not seem quite prepared for this rapid acceptance of his challenge, and looked us over with a new light in his eyes. Now there is something in the way a man stands who knows how to use his hands that is never lost upon an expert in the science, especially when he looks with a hostile eye.

John MacDonald was a giant trained fine; I myself was "buirdly" of build and knotted with twenty years of hard work on a Galloway farm. Besides, I looked dangerous, for in the matter of Nance I was very angry. So his eye passed across us two and fell upon—Evil Merodach. Never had our cherub looked more serenely cherubic.

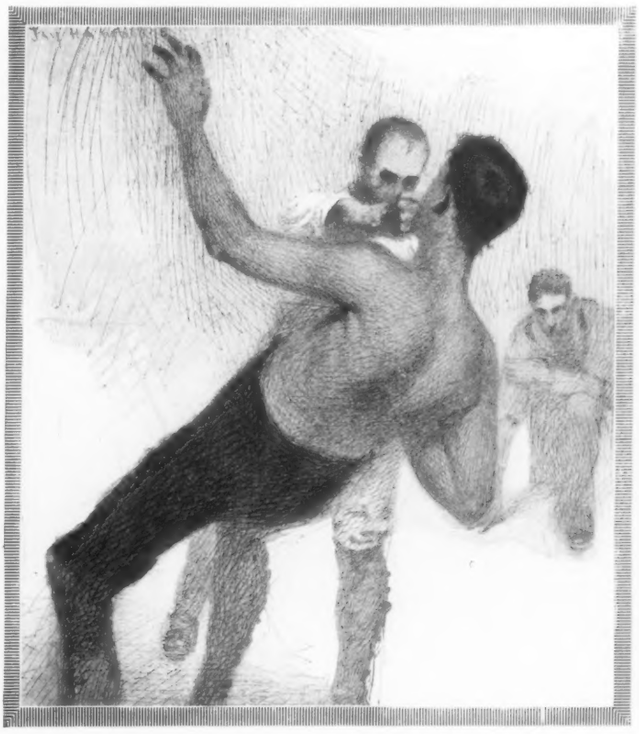
Ninian had shaved his face since he began statedly to attend missions. He also affected black clothes and a style of dress already more than half clerical. Like David, he was ruddy of cheek, and his long-skirted habit went far to conceal the depth of his chest and the great reach of his arms. The bully seemed satisfied.

"I will take the 'sucking parson'!" he said, with a strong Midland accent.

And at this, as at an excellent jest, all his followers laughed.

I pulled a dog-whistle from my pocket and blew it. It had been the signal agreed upon to bring the party together. And presently from various nooks and glades the pairs began to straggle up. Seeing us with a number of strangers they approached slowly. I called to the men to go on to the village with the ladies—adding that we had some little business to arrange with these gentlemen.

Of course all the men suspected that there had been some sort of row, but equally of course they said nothing. But the women, to whom business is a disease which may seize and incapacitate mankind at any moment, went on placably, chatting as they went. I bade Nance to go with them and she went, only adding to her lingering anxious glance a low-voiced request to "take care of myself."



ONE, TWO, THREE—AND THE GIANT FELL LIKE A TOWER

But the Hempie was more reluctant.

"Let me stop and see the fecht, Alec," she said. "I'm no to be ordered hame like—like a lassie!"

But I was firm, and presently, with a decimating glance and a stamp of the foot, she was gone. Then, to make all safe and secure fair play, I called a couple of the men back and let the other two go on with the girls to the village. I could leave Nance with confidence to make the necessary explanations.

Ninian seemed strangely anxious, and walked by my side as we withdrew to a green glade where the turf was excellent and the privacy complete.

"What will they say at the 'Kan' mission?" he whispered. "He may mark me, an' me a convertit man!"

I encouraged him by telling him that if I knew the spirit of the "kan" of any sort or condition, she would think more of him than ever. But he took little comfort from this, urging that it was just a giving way to his thorn in the flesh.

"I never thocht in my wildest days," he said, "that it wad come to this—that I should fecht aboot a woman!"

"Are you feared, Evil Merodach?" I asked, a trifle tauntingly, I fear, to spur him on; "for if so, I will take the job on myself!"

But at this he bridled and said he was none feared.

"But at the Last Day," he added, a little fiercely, thrusting his clinched fist into my face, "I shall see to it that you, Alec MacQuhirr, and your jo, get the weight o' this shamefu' fall frae grace and no puir Ninian Murdoch."

I told him I would take the risk, and, to change the subject, asked him what sort of training he was in.

"No to ill," he replied; "I won the championship at the interuniversity sports the week ye were up for your final."

"Why did you never tell me?"

"Oh, that's nocht," he said modestly; "that's no fechtin' ava'—man, ye should hae seen me vince in Clesca—!"

But before we got to the middle of Ninian's Glasgow reminiscence we had arrived upon the field of honor.

Then the enemy, who obviously worked on old lines, rapidly divested himself of his upper garments, while, with more deliberation, Ninian peeled to his striped flannel shirt.

. . . . . .

I am not going to describe the fight. There is but one perfect description of a fight in any language, and a man named Homer wrote that. So I will refrain me. The rest is mostly bones and blood.

But after Ninian found his feet in the first round, the enemy, though at least five inches taller and four stone heavier, was never in it. Nevertheless, I was anxious as I hunkered on the grass with Ninian between my knees, for so far our champion had never stricken one telling blow. He had only retired, measuring his distance, or taken the heavy though somewhat slow blows of his opponent upon his guard arm.

"Dinna fret," said Ninian, "I'm juist takkin' the edge aff him. He's a fair boxer wi' the gloves, but nae fechter, man. Man, I mind at Dundee—"

"Time!" said the man with the stop-watch.

The opposing champion was greeted with shouts of "Well done, Jem! Give it him, Jem! Go in and finish, Jem!"

From that moment I seemed to be gazing at quite another person. I could scarcely recognize our own quiet Ninian. Evil Merodach was at last alive. A sort of cold wild-beast fury glittered in his eye. The heavy sound of the enemy's blows ceased. Swift and masterful they came "spatting" all over the heavy-weight like the first drops of a thunderstorm. Rush after rush, ugly as sin, was stopped, simply and, as it appeared, inevitably. The enemy could not stand it long. The light grew almost electric in the eyes of Evil Merodach. A dash forward, a duck, a miss, the sound of blows—one, two, three—and the giant fell like a tower.

"All over!" said Ninian softly, between my knees; "he's had his dose—mair's the peety!"

The men from the race-course took away their champion. That they did it quietly was perhaps owing to their suspicion that the rest of us were all so many Evil Merodachs. Then we walked toward the village, joyous and jubilant, singing what but the praises of Ninian.

"We never thought you had it in you, Evil Merodach! Why, you are fit to be middle-weight champion!" one cried, slapping the victor on his back.

"I *was* in sixty-aught!" said Ninian mournfully.

"You were what?" in various astonished voices.

"Oh, it was at a place caa'ed Birmin'am in the year '68! But it was juist naething—noet but sparrin'. Gloves are but vainity. To ken what fechtin' is, ye maun hae been a cairter in Dundee. But, oh, Alec, I misdoot that my thorn in the flesh is no dead yet. Man, when I was fechtin' the noo I—I positeevly *enjoyed* it!"

I said something here.

"Oh," he returned, with tears in his eyes, "it's a'weel an' verra weel for you, that's only a doctor an' no even a richt yin yet. But what's to become o' me that's a convertit man an' actin' vice-president o' the 'Kan' mission?"

I searched my memory for Biblical analogies.

"But, Ninian," I urged, "you must not take it to heart. Think of what Gideon did—and Joshua—and David—and—"

But Ninian would have none of these, though I charmed never so wisely.

"Na," he said, shaking his head very sadly, "ye needna tell me. Thae fowk were a' under the auld dispensation. They hadna my advantages. They werena answerable to the 'Kan' mission, *as it were!*"

A sudden thought came into my head. Ninian's scriptural exegesis was not equal to his enthusiasm. I would try it.

"Well," I said, "ye think a deal o' yoursel', Ninian, but surely you don't think yourself better than the apostle Paul!"

"Ye needna tell me aboot the fechtin' wi' the wild beasts at Ephesus," he cried, "the cases are no parallel ava'. *He* couldna help it, and as for me, as I tell ye, I positeevly enjoyed it."

"But what do you make of his fightin' the apostle Peter?"

"Eh, man, did he? I never heard o' that?"

"That shows that ye dinna read your Bible, Ninian. Do ye no mind where he says that he withstood Peter to the face because he was to be blamed?"

Ninian thought it over.

"Ye are sure that means fechtin' wi' the bare neives?"

"Certain!" said I. (Oh, if my father could have heard me!)

Ninian drew a long breath.

"Weel," he said slowly, as if weighing the matter, "it is no unlikely. I aye thocht that man Paul had it in him. He was a by-ordinar' birsy body. And him and me are no that unlike—wi' his thorn in the flesh, an' his takkin' up wi' Gamaylial and sichlike fowk, an' being a persecutor. Oh, he kenned what like it was—even though" (here Ninian sighed) "he had never been a cairter in Dundee!"

Evil Merodach brightened up somewhat, however, as we came near the village. He even laughed a little.

"What are you laughing at, Ninian?" I asked him.

"Oh, I was thinkin' if Peter *did* stand up to Paul, what a maist almichty drubbin' he got! I'm kind o' gled o't too. I never richt likit that Peter. He was aye a forritsome craitur, and it kind o' rins in my head that he turned Papish at the hinder end. It's a kind of comfort to ken on the authority o' the oreegual that a man like Paul took him in hand!"

He laughed again softly and meditatively.

"I wonder what it was that Peter caa'ed him to rouse his corruption like that. Maist like something about his no bein' a richt apostle! You billy wi' the ticht breeks caa'ed me 'the sookin' parson'!"

He chewed the cud of sweet recollection a while. "I doot na," he continued, "but what there were times when Paul fand his thorn in the flesh a kind o' satisfaction to him. 'I'll learn you,' says he to Peter, 'to caa' me "sookin' apostle"!' An' wi' that he turns to and learns him!"

THE END

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

FIGHTING AT L

BRITISH FIELD ARTILLERY ON THE TOP OF ZWARTZ KOP MOUNTAIN, WHITHER HAD
AT THE BATTLE OF VAAL KRANTZ, ONE OF THE ENGAGEMENTS WHICH TO PLACE

AT LONG RANGE

THER HAD BEEN DRAGGED WITH INCREDIBLE LABOR, SHELLING THE BOER TRENCHES
H TO PLACE DURING GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCE NORTHWARD THROUGH NATAL

The POLITICAL CONTEST of 1900

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

III

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

MR. BRYAN is an enemy of the East—at least he has called himself so in speaking of the East as "the enemy's country." It is a misfortune to the country that this should be the attitude of a candidate for the Presidency who has polled 6,500,000 votes. It is still more unfortunate that about 5,000,000 of these votes came from west of the Alleghany Mountains, and that those who cast them share Mr. Bryan's enmity. Even more unfortunate is the fact that west of the Alleghanies and south of the Potomac Bryan had a plurality of more than 400,000 votes over McKinley; so that the enemies of the East were in a majority in the West and South, and, while these election statistics may have little significance so far as the coming contest is concerned, they are worthy of serious consideration because of their bearing on the future of the country and its politics.

In 1896, Bryan was not taken seriously by the East. At first there was an inclination to laugh at him, and afterward a strong disposition to treat him as a fearful portent. There are a good many things that, to the Eastern mind, are grotesque about this orator of the people. He does precisely what our mountebanks and charlatans do, and people in this part of the country look upon Democratic antics as tricks of the politician's trade. When they think that an attempt is being made to play upon them they resent what they regard as the cheap demagogy of the business. Politicians in this part of the world will not soon forget the fate that befell a candidate for Governor, who, thinking to put himself upon a footing of friendly familiarity with an audience in a Bowery beer garden, took off his coat as he began his address to them. We have come to regard a proper observance of the conventions as an accompaniment of dignified character. The man who takes the trouble and wastes the time required to carry on an active contest against conventions cannot be a great man, whatever else may be said of him; and Bryan, rushing through the country, pouring out phrases, and permitting himself to be mauled over by the public, was not a pleasant object to the Eastern mind. His rise, too, was very sudden. He had not been known as a Democratic leader. It was evident, in advance of its meeting, that the Chicago Convention would declare in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, but it was supposed that the real leader of the free-silver movement, Richard P. Bland, would be the candidate of the party. There was a certain fitness about his candidacy, and, disagree with Bland as we might, every one who knew him respected his high character and his sturdy integrity. When the actor-politician appeared upon the scene, the rumor that he might be the choice of the convention was received with incredulity, and when he was finally nominated on the fifth ballot, after the theatrical speech concluding with its tawdry figure of the "crown of thorns" and the "cross of gold," a good many people in this part of the country laughed and concluded that the campaign was over almost before it had begun. But it was not, and the elemental struggle in which it is an episode will not be done with until the East and the rest of the country come to a better understanding. Not that it is purely a sectional strife that is going on; it would be much more accurate to call it a social strife.

Bryan must be taken seriously and his cause heeded, because he is the product of political and economic conditions still existing in the country. He is of what we are wont to call pure American stock, meaning of families on his father's and mother's side which have long been in the country and whose ancestry is English, the transplanting to this side of the ocean having taken place in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Bryan himself, moreover, is of pure Western origin. He was born in Illinois, at Salem, where his father was an honored citizen, a legislator and a judge. He, too, was Western in his instincts and sympathies, and Bryan's mother was born in Illinois. The father was a devout Baptist, a man of daily prayer, and the mother, brought up a Methodist, became a Baptist when she married. Bryan himself is a devout Presbyterian.

Mr. Bryan was born in a domestic atmosphere little known in this part of the country—intensely pious and intensely democratic. The spirit that moves these people, the enthusiasms that stir them, are like the spirit and enthusiasms of Puritanism; and their obstinate prejudices and their peculiarities of ignorance are Puritan also. The Democracy of the West is difficult of appreciation by an Eastern man. In the cities and towns of the seaboard, Democracy has had a variety of meanings. Sometimes it signifies free trade and sometimes home rule. Once it meant opposition to the abolitionists and friendship for the Southern oligarchy. What is true of the Democracy of the East was true of the South until the fall of the class which used to rejoice in the designation of "landed gentry." Democracy which believes in the rule of the plain people has always flourished in its purity among the pioneers of the Middle West and Southwest, and their descendants. The society in which Bryan was born, and of which he and his have always been part, mean by Democracy trust in the

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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

people, distrust of those whom they fancy to be oppressors of the people, and a strong predilection for those who are weak and downtrodden. This human sympathy did not extend to the blacks in the days of slavery; it was limited to those who voted, to the struggling white men whose intelligence and character, as citizens, were worthy of entire confidence in the eyes of the Jeffersonians, whose especial enmity was directed against class distinctions, and, indirectly, against the possessors of great wealth, on the theory not only that riches foster social distinctions, but that those who have money seek invariably to make use of the government for their own ends, and are therefore enemies of democracy and of republican institutions.

It was in such an atmosphere that Mr. Bryan was born and bred. He has heard all his life the song of the people—their virtues, their wrongs and sufferings. He has been impressed with the rapacity of the money-lender, because his home has been among borrowers. The enmity felt in some parts of the West against the lenders embraces bankers, land-grant railroads, and all who live upon their invested capital, as well as dishonest and bankrupt mortgage companies. It naturally expresses itself in an attack upon all legislation which helps capital to thrive by lending to it the aid of government. Because the land-grant roads sold land on mortgage to Nebraska farmers, and charged what the farmers thought were unjust freight rates for carrying their produce to the market, there is a demand for government ownership and control of all railroads. Because the homes of men have been sold on foreclosure in order to satisfy mortgages held by Eastern men; because the manufacturers of the East have been protected by tariff laws; because the great accumulations of money are in Eastern cities; because most of the government bonds are held in the East, the East is the "enemy's country."

Mr. Bryan represents the people who honestly believe that the wealth, and especially the corporate wealth, of the United States employs its power over the government to increase its riches at the expense of the agriculturists of the country. It was inevitable that Mr. Bryan should be obsessed by this ignorance—for it is ignorance—because he never opened his eyes to the virtues of people dwelling beyond his own social and geographical surroundings. He never came out of the West. He was taught at a Western school and a Western college, and he studied his profession at a Western law school. He is not ignorant because the West does not educate the mind with the teachings of the schoolbooks; it does. He is ignorant because he has not learned the virtues of other people than his own. He is as ignorant, for example, as the Eastern man who has never been west of the Alleghany Mountains, and who regards Bryan as dishonest simply because he says and does what no intelligent Eastern man can say or do unless he be dishonest.

Bryan is the leader of a movement which is the culmination of a long-existing exasperation against the partnership between the government and the protected interests. The silver question was an incident. In 1896, it had come to this with Bryan and his supporters: anything to beat the Eastern capitalist. This exasperation had been inaugurated and intensified by the betrayal of the Democratic party on the tariff issue by Eastern Democrats. Men of very fine character, but of strong and irrational prejudice, are enlisted in this movement, which probably would not have reached its present unfortunate importance if the East had been wise in its turn.

In the coming campaign Bryan must be dealt with seriously. His personality will not be so much in question as it was four years ago, and, while it will perhaps count for a good deal at first, it is not likely to count for as much as the campaign progresses. He will always be the orator of class jealousy against the East, and the enemy of class legislation which increases wealth—whether of manufacturers or of the seekers of bounties. In his war against this kind of class legislation he has come to favor class legislation for those who have hitherto borne the burdens. He will probably never change, because he is mature at forty, and his sympathies and thoughts will remain those of the people among whom he was born and reared. On his views and theories touching domestic and economic questions, the votes of the East and the strongholds of the Middle West would be against him now as they were four years ago; but he will seem to many who do not usually agree with him to stand for larger principles and more important issues than those of 1896. His fundamental democracy makes him an anti-imperialist, an opponent of the Porto Rico tariff law, an earnest advocate of the theory that the Constitution governs all the territory of the United States, and an enemy of protected trusts. Many gold Democrats will vote for him on these issues, because they regard them of prime importance, and do not fear his other views, especially since the passage of the gold-standard act. Moreover, they say that they are not so much opposed to an economic fallacy as they are to the overthrow of the principles of the republic. Others, who cannot overlook his economic fallacies and his obstinate prejudices, will not vote at all. What he is himself and that for which he stands will be among the heaviest burdens that his party will carry in the coming campaign.

WASHINGTON LETTER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

DIPLOMATIC WASHINGTON is just recovering from the effects of the excitement in which it was thrown by events affecting two of its members. Chicago offended the Spanish Minister and apologized, and Mr. Straus, the American Minister to Turkey, politely declared that the Sultan was untruthful, to the great horror and indignation of the Turkish Minister to the United States. To add to the flurry, there has been talk that the President would withdraw the American Legation in Constantinople and hand Ali Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish Minister, his passports.

Chicago's offence lay in its extension of an invitation to Duc d'Arcos, the Spanish Minister, to attend the Manila Bay celebration held in the Windy City on May 1 in honor of Admiral Dewey and his great victory. The Minister was surprised and hurt that he and his country should be so wantonly insulted, but he mastered his indignation and wrote a very courteous declination. When Mayor Carter Harrison received the Minister's response he was shocked and grieved, not at the language of the diplomat, but that an invitation should have been sent to him. He profusely apologized, and to such good purpose that the Minister accepted his apology, especially when he ascertained that invitations were sent to all the members of the diplomatic corps and not to himself alone. The National Government deemed the incident one worthy of notice, especially in view of its desire to foster friendly relations with Spain, and Minister Storer, in Madrid, expressed regrets to the Spanish Government at the unfortunate action of Chicago.

In the inner recess of the Administration's mind, Turkey is looked upon in much the same manner that the Duc d'Arcos regarded Chicago immediately after his receipt of the invitation to attend the Manila Bay celebration. Though Minister Straus received on three different occasions solemn promises from the Sultan that the missionary claims pending against the Sublime Porte would be settled, payment has not been made. Dr. James B. Angell, former Minister to Turkey, recommended that a squadron of warships be sent to occupy Smyrna and forcibly collect the claims, but this is much too warlike for the Administration on the eve of a Presidential campaign, and the President is showing his displeasure at Turkey's dilatoriness by refusing to permit Mr. Straus to return. Ali Ferrouh Bey insists there must be some mistake; the Padishah could not have made a promise; the royal word is sacred. But the Administration believes the American Minister, and no matter what plea the "Sick Man of Europe" may make he will be required to open his wallet and pay for the damage which the property of American missionaries suffered in Turkey some years ago.

Admiral Dewey is highly gratified with the editorial which appeared in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of April 21 indorsing his candidacy for the Presidency. "That is one of the best editorials I have yet read," he said, while discussing it with me. "It is a plain, straightforward statement, with a noticeable absence of gush. It is all right. I am very glad to be so strongly indorsed."

Beyond expressing his gratification, the Admiral declined to discuss the political situation or his candidacy. "Some of my friends say that 'silence is golden,'" he said, "and I am observing that rule." The Admiral feels that unless he is particularly careful in his utterances he may be quoted as making remarks which may come back to plague him. It had been intended to make the Admiral's political statement public immediately after the Thomas Jefferson dinner given by the Brooklyn Democratic Club, when, it was expected, former President Cleveland, in his letter expressing regret at his inability to attend, would, either directly or indirectly, make some reference to the advisability of the Democracy accepting the Admiral as its candidate. Mr. Cleveland, however, said nothing on this point, and the statement was, therefore, delayed. Some of the Admiral's friends have been urging him not to make the statement. They have told him that the country knows him, knows his war record, and knows his views on important topics. Others have urged him to publicly declare himself at once, while a few friends have suggested that he publish the statement on the day of the as-

...of the Kansas City Convention. The ... is carefully considering these several ...tions, but what he will do will depend ...measure upon the political developments ...next few weeks. In the meantime, he is ... with the progress of his candidacy, ...satisfied his political strength will surprise ... opponents when the moment arrives ...

...McKinley's chances of gaining any ...ble number of votes in the State of Maryland have been reduced by an important ... from the Republican ranks. Though Senator George L. Wellington had been notoriously opposed to the Administration's expansion policy, and in personal conversations had ... that he would not support McKinley, ... the Chief Executive and his supporters ... his public declaration that he could not vote for the President's re-election "if he be renominated upon a platform indorsing a colonial tariff and favoring the retention of the Philippines." It is the expectation of Mr. Wellington that the Republican convention will ...se the principles to which he takes exception, so that he anticipates he will be out of joint with his party in the coming campaign.

Serious consideration is being given by Republican leaders in Congress to a proposition to enact legislation providing for a reduction of the war-revenue taxes. Secretary Gage has estimated that there will be a very large surplus during the present fiscal year, notwithstanding the expensive war in progress in the Philippines, and from present indication the surplus during the next fiscal year will be much larger. It is appreciated that the Government would pursue an unwise policy if it were to withdraw from the channels of trade and lock up in the Treasury more money than is required to meet its obligations, but at the same time there is apprehension that any discussion of a reduction of taxation will unsettle business and create uncertainty when confidence is desired. Republican leaders have held informal conferences on the subject, at which various plans have been discussed. It seems to be generally conceded that the taxes should be reduced so as to decrease the revenues of the government by some thirty millions of dollars per year, and it is believed this reduction can best be obtained by repealing the proprietary stamp taxes and the most objectionable features of the documentary stamp provision of the law. The indications at this time, however, point to no action being taken.

Kentucky's gubernatorial contest has been transferred to Washington, and the Supreme Court will now finally determine who is entitled to occupy the chair at Frankfort. W. S. Taylor, the Republican claimant to the Governorship, and his counsel, have been in Washington for several weeks endeavoring to secure an early decision of the case, and friends of Governor Beckham, in whose favor a decision was rendered by the Kentucky Court, are on hand to see that his interests are fully protected. Mr. Taylor says he will be entirely satisfied with a judicial determination of the contest, and proposes, should the Court reject his claim, to permit Mr. Beckham to peacefully assume the full duties of the office of Chief Executive of the Blue Grass State.

What will undoubtedly be accepted by the country as a graceful tribute to the memory of a man who faithfully looked after American interests in time of war, and at the same time prove a cause of much gratification to Great Britain, is the purpose of the Navy Department to erect a bronze tablet in Santiago de Cuba commemorating the services of the late Frederick W. Ramsden, British Consul at that point during the war with Spain. The Navy Department has never forgotten Mr. Ramsden's thoughtful attention paid to Naval Constructor Hobson and the men of the *Merrimac* when they surrendered to Admiral Cervera after the sinking of their foredoomed craft. The tablet will be cast at the Washington Navy Yard and will bear an artistic inscription recounting the services which the late official rendered. C. O'L.

That Little Book

"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

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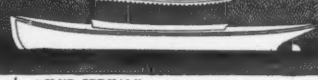

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Round the Hearth

THE CHILDREN'S National Easter Festival, to which special reference was made some weeks ago in these columns, was held, under very distinguished social patronage, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, April 16–21. Each evening had some specially attractive feature, and the results justified the efforts put forth to make this unique Festival a success, and to send relief to the little orphans of Cuba, who are sorely in need.

At the same time, the good people of Kansas—men, women and children of all classes and conditions—were gathering their munificent gift of one million bushels of corn for the starving thousands of India. The West to the East—the one strong, sturdy, sanguine; the other effete, wasted, disheartened—sent greetings and substantial aid. Around the world, though everywhere wars and rumors of wars disturb its peace, there flows a tide of good feeling, and, when we know of misery and suffering allied to helplessness, most of us are willing to be self-denying and, in so far as in us lies, to lift the load.

Perhaps we underrate the value of small benefactions, and sometimes withhold our mite, when that is the only offering we can honestly make. This is a mistake. The vast ocean is composed of countless single drops, and every million, in the last reduction, acknowledges its dependence upon separate pence. Whenever in the great philanthropic endeavors of the period, lovers of humanity, in concerted movements, give what they can, when they can, as they can, and as they ought for the betterment of their kind, the recording angel with the diamond pen will write down an illuminated chronicle of progress. Many littles make a large sum-total. This fact does not excuse those who are able to do liberal things, if they screen themselves behind it, and are skimpy and stingy.

A beautiful thought it was of Mrs. Howard Gould, that Saturday afternoon before Easter, to invite to her home one hundred happy little folk from the tenements downtown, giving them a feast and a Punch and Judy show, and letting them play hide-and-seek in the lovely rooms

PATRIOTIC NEW ZEALAND AMAZONS. A TRAINED RIFLE CORPS, ORGANIZED BY LADY DOUGLAS OF WELLINGTON, TO TAKE PART IN EXHIBITIONS GIVEN TO RAISE FUNDS TO EQUIP SOLDIERS FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. CASTLE, WELLINGTON, N. Z.

of her dwelling. With their hands full of presents, every child receiving a potted plant in bloom and a parcel containing a suit of new clothes, the little ones were sent away, not on their feet, but in stages which carried them safe, in a whirl of joy and gladness, to their delighted mothers. The very spirit of Easter is shown in such gentle loving-kindness as this sweet gentlewoman planned and carried out.

Mrs. Gould called to her aid in selecting her small beneficiaries some of the city missionaries who devote their lives to work among the poor. While we are remembering Cuban orphans and Hindoo famine sufferers, we must not forget that in New York, and indeed in every one of our great towns and cities, there are hosts of children who, now that summer is approaching, will begin to think longingly about their country week—the week of Eden which they owe to some Fresh Air Fund. The various Guilds and Associations which keep in mind the babies and the older children are already arranging for the summer fresh-air outings which paint so many pallid cheeks with the roses of health. On the East Side children throng, and little girls and boys of eight or ten years are the constant care-takers of swarms of small brothers and sisters. They are wonderfully patient and well-behaved, these children of hard-working fathers and mothers, and if the testimony of neighborhood settlement residents is asked, it will be found without a dissenting voice in favor of the poor children as good, polite and unselfish. Manners may lack polish, but there is often a native refinement which indicates true worth, and the little "Fresh Airs" are not deficient in the politeness which expresses gratitude for favors bestowed. Three dollars will send a tenement-house child to the country for ten days, or will provide several sails and picnics for a mother and a babe.

Flowers sent from the meadows and gardens of the country to hospitals, asylums and prisons are forwarded by express companies to their destinations free of charge. They should be carefully packed and plainly labelled, with sheets of wet cotton or tissue-paper between the layers of bloom. Tie them in small bunches ready for distribution, and arrange them with a view to beauty and perfume. As a rule, flowers are prettiest when those of the same family are massed together.

A dainty volume of short stories with the captivating title "White Butterflies," and with a flight of the airy creatures boldly shown on the cover, makes a timely bid upon the attention of the summer tourist and of the reader who will presently be selecting a place for the summer hammock. The stories, thirteen in number, are especially breezy and fresh, and are the work of a woman whose popularity in club circles is due to her candid nature and winning speech, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark.

In the last days of April, Club Breakfasts and Luncheons were so numerous as to jostle each other, and, in their new spring toilets, with their bright faces and merry hearts, the women who find pleasure in their clubs made a brave show. One of the most significant events of the month just gone was the Breakfast in honor of Miss Woolley, the president-elect

Edited by Margaret E. Sangster

of Mount Holyoke College, tendered her by the New York Alumnæ respectively, of Wheaton Seminary, her Alma Mater, and of Mount Holyoke. Invitations were sent both to men and women, and several college presidents, among them President Low of Columbia, tendered their congratulations to Miss Woolley and Mount Holyoke. The outgoing president, Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, has piloted Mount Holyoke College through an eventful period in its history And has devoted to its interests a decade of brilliant work.

OUR HOME TEMPERS

It cannot be repeated too often, nor can we be too strenuous in urging upon everybody the duty of being agreeable at home when with one's own people. Most of us, in our hours of frank expostulation with ourselves, and few altogether escape these, are compelled to regret that we are not so good-tempered at home as we ought to be. The man permits himself a latitude of fault-finding within his own doors which would strike him as boorish if indulged in elsewhere; the woman nags, or frets, or sulks in the midst of the household, though among acquaintances and friends she is considered a pattern of amiability. Rising tardily in the morning, or returning late in the evening, the son of the house finds neither breakfast nor dinner quite to his liking, and so far from blaming his irresponsible habits for cold coffee or chilled soup, vents his irritation in frowns and black looks upon his long-suffering mother and sisters. A great deal of home discomfort is due to a lack of home promptness, and half the worry in the world is born of needless hurry.

Mrs. Stowe very wisely observes, in a pithy talk, that, "unless men and women make a conscience, a religion of saving and sparing something of themselves, especially for home-life and home-consumption, it must follow that home will often be merely a sort of refuge for us to creep into when we are used up and irritable." And Maeterlinck, in a fine passage, speaks of a lighthouse-keeper who took the oil which should have fed his beacon and distributed it among the poor along the coast, a waste and misuse apparent to any one on an instant's thought. When we are so busy, or so tired, or so continually worn out, that we have no power of enjoyment left and no shred of patience at hand for common ills and slight mishaps, God help us and our dear ones! We are deliberately sacrificing what should be the most precious thing on earth, our commonplace every-day happiness, and for what? For a little more money, for ambition, for social prestige, or for dress and display—for something in which the game is conspicuously not worth the candle.

The home tempers of some of us are spoiled because we take life too hard. We spend our days in nervous deprecation of troubles which loom large on the horizon, but which may never come in our way. We drive our tacks with sledge-hammers, and our most ordinary talk is enforced with superlatives and colored with heavy emphatics. Headache and heartache are our attendant demons, because, when the calm follows the storm, we are sorry that we were cross, and usually our repentance is as excessive as was our sin.

Home tempers would be uniformly improved if there were a trifle more formality and a thousand times more consideration in home intercourse. No matter how weary we may be, we shall not fail in making our obeisance to the queen, if she grant us an audience. Our utmost impatience will be repressed in the presence of a dignitary whom we honor—President, Governor, Admiral, Captain. The mere custom of dressing for dinner, and coming to the home table arrayed with propriety, will ensure in many households decency of behavior, the absence of brutal plainness about the ducks, or the beef, or the mayonnaise, and the presence of genial courtesy. The simplest dinner, served with a flavor of honeyed compliment, is a fitting feast for ladies and gentlemen; we have the authority of the wisest of mankind for the opinion, "Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of feasting with strife."

Dressing for dinner implies the refreshment which comes with a change of apparel, and of laying aside the business coat and the street gown and assuming something more decorative. From the time when young people are allowed to come to the dinner-table, they should be trained to do so with attention to the dinner function and its requirements, while the most toilworn merchant, the most fatigued professional man will be the better, and in the softer humor, for putting on a dinner coat, even if only madame and his daughters confront him at the board. As for my lady, she should never need urging to make herself beautiful to behold in the privacy of the family group.

To be always pleasant, always unselfish, always attractive, is to deserve laurels of praise whether we receive them or not. And an approving conscience is a real balm for one's pillow at night.

GRADUATION GOWNS FOR THE GIRLS

Good taste requires simplicity in a young girl's dress. Many of our Woman's Colleges prefer their students to receive diplomas in the cap and gown which the seniors so proudly wear during the last happy year of the four academic years. But in schools and colleges where this rule does not obtain, fashion suggests a white gown as most appropriate. This should not be elaborately frilled and fluted, and trimmed and tucked. The less overloaded it is with ornament, the more becoming it will be to the maiden for whose flower-like face and lissome figure it is to form a sheath, to be the husk to the bud. White mull, white organdie, or white china silk are good materials from which to choose the graduation gown.

A PANSY-BED

Even a little city backyard may boast a pansy-bed, and no country garden is complete without one. Notwithstanding the fact that so many amateurs are unsuccessful in their efforts to own a perfect pansy-bed, this flower of sweet thoughts is not peculiarly delicate nor often disappointing under favorable conditions. True, it does not thrive upon neglect, but care and attention to a few important details are almost certain to yield satisfactory results. Such is the verdict of a woman who has been remarkably successful, and whose experience may therefore contain some sensible suggestions.

First of all, risk nothing on seeds. Be sure that only the best are planted. It is better never to save the seeds from one's own plants or to sow those gathered from the garden of friends whose plants may be "perfect beauties," but to get them each year from a reliable dealer. It is highly improbable that the seeds of last year's beauties will produce equal specimens the year. There is apt to be some slight imperfection. The reason is that the pansy in its present stage of development is the result of careful selection and breeding, therefore these matters are best left to those who have made a study of them. Besides, for its own beauty the pansy should never be allowed to go to seed.

Next in importance is the situation of the bed. The pansy belongs to the shade. It will endure a considerable degree of cold, and will also do well in warm climates if well shaded. The best situation for the bed is in half-shade where it gets only the morning sun. The pansy further demands a rich soil and plenty of water.

To make the bed, dig down to the depth of a foot and fill this with some rich, light soil, such as rotted manure when it can be had, or leaf manure from the woods, or any old manure well stirred in with the soil. Have the surface on which the seeds are to be sown fine and smooth. Sow thinly and evenly and spread over a thin covering of finely pulverized earth. Then make this firm on top. The soil should be light and loose and kept moist. Water after sunset, and in the morning, if the bed is exposed to any degree of heat, cover it with a sprinkling of grass clippings to protect the tender roots or germinating seeds from the sun. This covering is removed before watering in the evening. In excessively dry weather soak the bed well twice weekly. When the plants come up keep the bed weeded and always loose. When the flowers bloom pick them each day and do not allow them to wither or to go to seed. If the cut-worm begins to get in his work he can usually be overcome if the matter be taken in hand early in the action, and he be relentlessly hunted beneath the surface of the earth in the early mornings.

The seeds should be sown as soon as the ground can be worked in the spring, or in deep boxes in the house. If the latter be done the plants are easily transplanted. The danger for house-grown plants is of too warm and dry an atmosphere. Out-of-doors they are hardy and endure cold bravely. In order to secure flowers early in the spring the seeds should be planted late in the preceding summer. During the winter they should have a light covering of green—foliage, light boughs, etc.—to shield them, but not thick enough to exclude the air.

"A Perfect Food"
"Preserves Health"
"Prolongs Life"

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Grocers sell them, 10c a can, enough for six. Sample can and booklet 6c.
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Wear THE LINKS GOLF BELT and "Drive True." Detachable, pliable leather links. Instantly adjustable. Always fits the form. Equally good for every day wear. Hit of the season. In red, cream, olive, white, and russet. For men or women. Either, 75 cents by mail, post paid. State size wanted. Your money back if you don't like it.
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Fountain Pens 14 kt. For bookkeepers, correspondents and stenographers. Price $1.50. For 25c. expressage, pen will be sent for examination. If found satisfactory pay the Express Co. $1.25, which they will refund if dissatisfied after a week's trial. Agts. wanted. R. W. WHITNEY, Cleveland, O.

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HEART DISEASE.

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Troubles.

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans, is certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real organic disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves, the Sympathetic and the Pneumogastric.

In another way also the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion, which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

It is safe to say that the regular, persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal time will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

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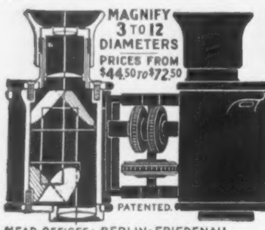

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We are sending Sewing Machines out to any address on free three months' trial, making such liberal terms and special new prices, so much lower than any other house ever thought of naming, that our offer will surprise you. For free new Sewing Machine catalogue and special offers, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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Ladies or gents size, double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, accurately adjusted, expansion balance; warranted a perfect timekeeper. If you do not consider it equal in appearance to any $40.00 gold filled watch and chain warranted 20 years do not accept it. If entirely satisfactory pay express agent *Our special price* $4.50 and express charges and it is yours. *Our 20 Year Guarantee* sent with each watch. *Mention if you wish Ladies or Gents size.*

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NOT A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard told this story at the Cornell Club dinner in New York:

"A friend of mine, a college professor, went into a crowded restaurant in New York City for luncheon one day this spring. The negro in charge of the big corridor where the hat-shelves stood was an intelligent-looking fellow, and his bow and smile were not of the obsequious stupid kind so often affected by colored waiters and doormen in hotels. He took my friend's hat and gave no check for it in return. An hour later, when the professor came out of the dining-room, the negro glanced at him in a comprehensive way, turned to the shelves and handed him his hat.

"The professor is a man who prides himself on his powers of observation, so the negro's ability to remember to whom each article of clothing belonged struck him as something very wonderful.

"'How did you know this was my hat?' he asked.

"'I didn't know it, sah,' was the reply.

"'Then why did you give it to me?' the professor persisted.

"'Because you gave it to me, sah.'"

A GOOD EXCUSE

"NOW, MADAM," said the crotchety judge who had been annoyed by the digressions of previous female witnesses, "we want no hearsay evidence. Tell only what you know. Your name, please?"

"Mary Jones," replied the witness.

"Your age?"

"Well—er—I only have hearsay evidence on that point, so I won't answer."

FROM NO MAN'S LAND

WHEN the Senate is in session at Washington there is an incessant demand by constituents to have their cards sent in. A strange-looking individual who had been watching and listening in the east corridor said to a door-keeper one day this session:

"I'd like to have you send in my card."

"What Senator do you wish to see?"

"I don't care."

"But you must send it to a particular Senator, you know. Which is your State?"

"Got none."

"Which Territory?"

"No Territory."

"Where were you born?"

"In No Man's Land, before the strip was ceded to the Government by Texas. It's now a county in Oklahoma. And I thought as I had no country I'd come to Washington. You can keep the card and hand it to the first Senator you ketch. I think most any of 'em would like to meet a man like me."

A FORLORN HOPE

A BURGLAR who had entered an author's house at midnight was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room. Drawing his knife, he said:

"If you stir, you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the author, "and I'll hunt with you."

THE DEATH OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

W. T. MAUD, the South African correspondent of the London "Graphic," who served with G. W. Steevens through the two campaigns in the Soudan and who shared a bombproof with him at Ladysmith, in a letter to Mrs. Steevens has given this account of the death of that brilliant war correspondent:

"On January 15 the doctors told me that there was no hope for Steevens. When they had gone I returned to his bed and sent out the nurses. I said, 'The doctors think you are very ill. I will cable home. Do you wish me to send a message?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'write it out and read it to me!'

"I wrote: 'Steevens dangerously ill.'

"'Do you mean that I am dying?' he asked.

"'They think it very serious,' I answered.

"'Am I dying?'

"'Yes.'

"'Soon?'

"'Yes.'

"He was looking straight into my eyes. After a while he dictated the message which I sent. Then he turned over and said with a shrug of his shoulders:

"'Well, this is a sideways ending to it all—let's have another drink!'

"I gave him some brandy and milk in a teaspoon.

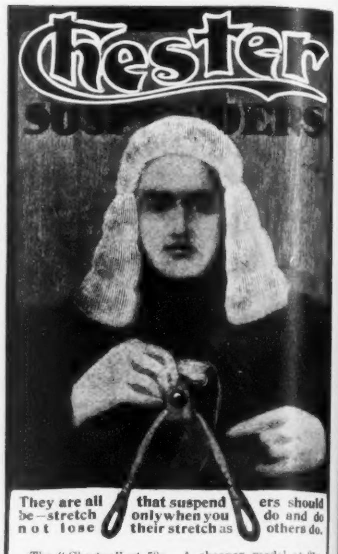
"'But you are not drinking?' said he.

"Then he seemed to rally and I called the nurses. I fell to sleep outside. When they called me an hour later I saw at a glance that he was gone."

ARITHMETIC MADE EASY

"SIXTEEN boys went to the canal on a summer's afternoon to swim," said the teacher, "but five were told not to bathe. How many went in?"

"Sixteen," said Sam.



They are all be—stretch not lose that suspend only when you their stretch as ers should do and do others do.

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickeled drawer supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 3 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

Perhaps 'twas love, perchance tobacco,
Made Tom's heart to palpitate,
But no matter—he took Ripans—
Now it beats at normal rate.

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MONEY MAKER And saver. Print your own cards, circular, book, newspaper, with our $5 or $18 printing press. Type setting easy, printed rules sent. For man or boy. Send for catalog, presses, type, paper, to factory. **The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.**

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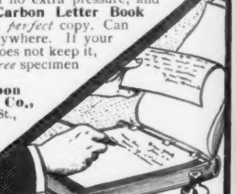

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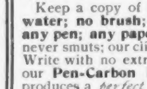

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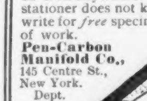

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WANTED AGENTS in every county to sell "Family Memorials"; good profits and steady work. Address, **Campbell & Co., 517 Plum St., Elgin, Ill.**

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A BIG DROP IN BICYCLES.

A happy surprise is in store for all bicycle riders, for several makers of well-known high grade bicycles, as well as some makers of cheaper grades, have placed their entire output in the hands of one house, to be sold direct to the riders everywhere at the lowest prices ever known. For special prices, that will be lower than bicycles were ever before advertised or sold at, and for a free trial and pay after received offer, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (INC.), Chicago, Illinois.

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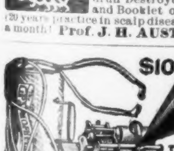

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MIXED HIS HEROES

AN ENGLISH bishop recently visited a New York school, and was asked to address the pupils. An apt subject for a discourse hung before him on the wall in an engraving of the Father of His Country, mounted upon a fine white charger. Pointing to this portrait, the bishop asked:

"Who can tell me the name of that fine-looking gentleman?"

No one responded for at least a minute; but, encouraged by the visitor, a little fellow in the back part of the room finally held up his hand.

"Who is it, my son?" asked the bishop kindly.

"Buffalo Bill, sir," lisped the little American.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE

"I AM very much surprised to hear that they are married. I thought he was merely flirting with her."

"He thought so, too."

UP-TO-DATE PILGRIMS

THERE is nothing medieval about the pilgrimage to Rome in this Year of Jubilee. Within the Eternal City electric cars and horse cars to St. Peter's keep down the greed of cab-drivers anxious to overcharge. Now the "Tablet" announces that the pilgrims from Padua will pedal their way to Rome on bicycles along the old Via Æmilia. Punctured tires will test the pilgrim's patience in place of the peas in his sandal shoon.

A CURIOUS CRITIC

CRITIC: "I've sent up a two-column criticism of the new play, and I'll be back about midnight to look at the proofs."

Editor: "Where are you going now?"

Critic: "To see the play."

SENATORIAL COURTESIES

SENATOR HOAR'S comment on Senator Pettigrew's pronunciation of Latin has been widely repeated as one of the brightest hits of the season. Mr. Pettigrew, who is a tireless talker, insisted on using the phrase "ad infinitum" with great frequency, pronouncing the longer word with an accent on the second syllable. Finally one of his associates corrected him, saying: "Give it the long i, Senator." Mr. Hoar, who overheard this, quietly remarked: "The Senator is probably making the i short to save the time of the Senate."

AN EASY ONE

TEACHER: "Where is the elephant found?"

Pupil (scornfully): "Why, up in de circus, uv course!"

BOER ENGLISH

AN AMERICAN refugee from the Transvaal tells this story of a school exhibition in Johannesburg shortly after the outbreak of the war. For his benefit this pointed lesson was recited:

"Piet," said the master, "conjugate for the stranger 'I have a gold mine.'"

"I have a gold mine," responded the bright pupil, with scarcely an accent, "Thou hast a gold thine, He has a gold hisen, We have a gold ourn, You have a gold yourn, They have a gold theirn."

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY

AGENT: "I have a most valuable book to sell, madam; it tells one how to do anything."

Lady (sarcastically): "Does it tell one how to get rid of a pestering book agent?"

Agent (promptly): "Oh! yes, madam: buy something from him."

PERILS OF OSCULATION

HE: "Do you think there is really any danger in kissing?"

She: "Wait till I go to the stairs and listen to find out whether papa is asleep or not."

A MODEL AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

"UNCLE JOHN," remarked Dick, "is the finest after-dinner speaker I know of."

"Why," said his friend, with some astonishment, "I never heard he had any ability in that direction at all."

"Well, he has. I've dined with him several times at various places, and after dinner he always says: 'That's all right, my boy, I'll pay for it.'"

A CHILD OF THE AGE

"I SOMETIMES feel," said the old gentleman, "like taking that four-year-old grandson of mine and slamming him against the wall."

"What has he done?"

"I told him that beautiful 'sleeping beauty' story—about how, as soon as the princess was kissed, all the clocks began to go and the servants began to work, and all that kind of thing, and then he said: 'Who pressed the button?'"

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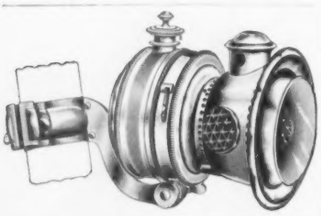

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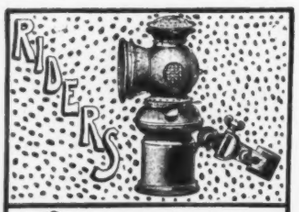

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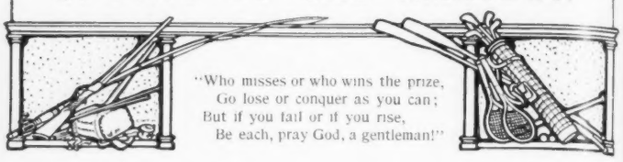


"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

MOTOR RACE AT PHILADELPHIA

STILL another example of our present incompleteness in the matter of that sport which Parisians have so thoroughly developed was given in the motor tricycle race at Woodside Park, Philadelphia, between Kenneth Skinner of Boston and the English enthusiast, Wridgeway. In the first place, there was a manifest lack of interest so far as the public was concerned. Then each party met with what was practically a disqualifying accident, so that, had there been a third contestant whose machine performed properly, neither of these men could have won. The only thing demonstrated was the possibility of great speed and the certainty of exciting contests whenever power and machine are both in order and can stand the strain. The race was eventually won by the Englishman, who made thirty-eight miles and one lap within the hour. The first of the disqualifying accidents occurred at the very start. Wridgeway had gone less than a lap when he was in trouble with his reservoir, and a new start was made. Then, after leading for two miles, the Boston man passed him and had a clean lap the better of the Englishman at ten miles. At his twelfth mile, however, came Skinner's disabling accident in the shape of the loss of a nut, which necessitated his temporary withdrawal and patching up, during which his rival gained some three miles. Although Skinner returned to the struggle, at thirty miles he withdrew and Wridgeway finished alone.

COLLEGE BASEBALL

College ball nines are now settled down to their outdoor form, and it looks as if we should see something of a return of good batting form. Pitchers' battles are wonderful to read about, but in reality there is but little satisfaction to an audience to see the over-development of pitching talent at the expense of batting, and the game that pleases the crowd is the game of hard hitting. The only discouraging feature of the outlook is that college nines usually gain less in batting skill as the season progresses than do the pitchers improve in deceptiveness. However, everything points now to a succession of contests marked by good general form. Princeton, Harvard and Yale are all showing up well, Princeton's veteran battery being used but little, while new material is being broken in. Reid, the Harvard captain, has spent much hard work in organization, and, as a result, has his material in first-class order. At New Haven, the array of pitching talent, upon which such high hopes had been based, has, through the tests of an Easter trip and the exigencies of curriculum discipline, been very materially reduced in its promise. Altogether the rather marked lead that Yale apparently had in this respect has disappeared, and it will surely be a hard fight between them and Princeton. The best game, up to writing this, between college nines was that played by Holy Cross and Yale, consisting of thirteen hard-fought innings made necessary by Yale's tying the score in the ninth. Cunha's hit was the one that brought in the tying run and Sharpe's the one that yielded the winning tally. Both these men were on the Yale football team last fall.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HAPE

SKINNER WRIDGEWAY

THE FIRST MOTOR TRICYCLE RACE IN AMERICA AT WOODSIDE PARK, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 21

AMERICAN TEAMS FOR PARIS

Already the magnet of Paris is having its effect upon American college athletes, and one organization after another is deciding to send a representative team. At this writing, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse and Chicago are all promising to send teams. In addition to this, many college athletes will be found in athletic club organizations which purpose sending representatives. The New York Athletic Club can probably have the most noted of the college men outside of the regular university organizations. Of the university teams, Pennsylvania, with her remarkable record of the Intercollegiates for the last few years, is practically sure of sending the most striking team. If all of her men are fit when they come to the date of contest it is difficult to say where, in most of the events which they enter, there can be found any men to fairly excel them. Take, for example, Kraenzlein. He holds the world's record in broad jump, high and low hurdles. He has cleared 24 feet 4 1-2 inches in the broad jump, and already in practice this spring is doing over 23 1-2 feet, so that there are people who believe he is capable of reaching the 25-foot mark. On the 120-yard hurdle his record is 15 1-5 seconds, and Trainer Murphy thinks he can cut off that extra 1-5. The 220 yards he has done better than even, while he has all sorts of indoor records and can clear over 6 feet in the high jump.

Pennsylvania will also send Tewkesbury as a sprinter. If he gets into his old form he is sure of even time for the 100 and the 220, and is also considered a very strong man for the quarter-mile. Here, again, his trainer believes that he can beat anything that has yet been done at that distance, and if Tewkesbury's stamina lasts it is by no means wild to expect this.

Besides these men, Pennsylvania will have McCracken, who is throwing the hammer well over 150 feet, and whose principal rival will be Flanagan, and Baxter in the high jump with Grant and possibly Orton in distance events. Both the latter can get close to 15 minutes for three miles.

Princeton expects, if her team develops, to send Cregan for the half and also mile. Garrett, the former Olympia performer, and who won the discus-throwing in Athens in 1896, will also go with the Princeton team, as will Jarvis, the sprinter. Carroll will go for the high jumps and Palmer for the distance events, while Wheeler will probably enter for the hurdles. Cregan is capable of doing 4.25 in the mile and 1.57 in the half, while Jarvis has run the 100 in 10, although not equal to Tewkesbury. Syracuse will send Prinstein, who has jumped 23 feet 7 inches. Cornell will likely send more distance runners in Sweet, Berry, Yeatman and Torrance. The New York Athletic Club will send Duffy of Georgetown University, who can beat even time in the 100; M. W. Long of Columbia, who is a first-class quarter-miler and who won the Intercollegiate last year in 49 2-5; Flanagan, the hammer-thrower, who holds the world's record of 167 feet 8 inches; Sheldon, the shot-putter, who can toss the missile 45 feet; and Ewry, for the jumps.

Outside of the track and field contests there will be in rowing the American representative Ten Eyck, the winner of the diamond sculls in 1897. He will probably go as a member of the Wauchusett Boat Club four oar. The National Association will probably send crews, and it is possible that one or two club crews will be represented. If the New York Athletic Club sends swimmers, they will have in Schaffer of the University of Pennsylvania a man who would make an excellent showing.

WALTER CAMP.

SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP.

THE BEST QUAIL DOG IN CLINTON COUNTY

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

THE RESPECTIVE merits of the setter and the pointer have been bitterly discussed and disputed, and no man has been convinced. For myself I have wavered between the two breeds in the spirit of that perplexed individual who announced "how happy I could be with either," etc. There are so many points to be considered in determining what is an all-round bird dog that it is no easy task to say what constitutes perfection. But all things come to him that waits, and my last experience in quail shooting has persuaded me that wonders certainly never will cease, and that the best dog for quail shooting may be evolved from almost anything in the canine line.

In Clinton County, Illinois, along a creek that lies among wooded hills in the southern part of the county, there is, and has been for many years, splendid feeding-ground and cover for "Bob White." The farms are large, the crops uniformly good, and the game laws have been so well enforced that the birds are more plentiful even than in former years. There is plenty of brush in the timber and a sufficiency of osage orange hedges in the prairie portion of the country. As a consequence there is shelter during the winters, and the winters are not long. For twenty years I have hunted quail there every fall and for twenty years more I hope to find myself afield in the season. On the occasion of my last outing there, my arrival at the farm was not gladdened by the appearance of "Rox," who usually was the first to welcome me, and the first to make known his joy at the prospect of the next morning's hunt. He was sick, poor brute, and would not be able to go with us, so Will said. But he cheered me up after supper by remarking that he had fixed everything all right and that we would be accompanied in the morning by "the best quail dog in Clinton County."

As Will was a hunter who knew the ropes, I was satisfied to ask no questions. After supper we went to the barn, and while there Will's new terrier killed a rat in regulation style. This terrier was a true black-and-tan, and a midget almost in size. He was named Ponto, much to my disgust, for my favorite old pointer bore that name and I objected to a "ratter" being named after the departed. In the morning we started for the creek, and I looked around for the dog.

"Where's our dog, Will?" I asked my tall, sinewy companion.

"Got him in my pocket," replied Will, opening the capacious pocket of his hunting-coat pocket and exposing the beady black eyes and saucy nose of the black-and-tan terrier.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," said my friend: "best quail dog in Clinton County."

"But say, old boy," I protested feebly, "can't we get a dog anywhere? That cover is awful, and after the bevies scatter we'll have Satan's own time rousing them out. Can't we drive over to Holdener's and get 'Bob'? He chases every rabbit he sees, but he can find some of the birds anyway. What in the name of the saints can we do with a rat-terrier?"

"Best quail dog in Clinton County," monotonously droned Will, without heeding my anxious suggestions. "Wait till you see old Ponto working!"

"Well," I despairingly said, "I can get into the briers and rout out some of them myself, but it's going to be the deuce and all."

"Best quail—"

"Now don't say that again to a man who has hunted quail for twenty years!" I exclaimed savagely.

In a little while we reached the edge of the woods, and Will opened his pocket and out hopped Ponto. He had a rather long body and a most animated tail, which he wagged incessantly. There was a slight spread of snow on the ground along the fence where we had stopped, and a cornfield with the stalks still standing lay on the opposite side of the fence. An old deserted farmhouse stood on a hill opposite, an orchard surrounding it, and an osage orange hedge flanked the orchard. There was any amount of weeds and brush about, and in the orchard and along the hedge and the fence were numerous brier patches. It was simply an ideal spot for quail.

"Hurry up now," said Will; "look sharp, and if you hear Ponto bark, run like a pirate. He always barks when he strikes their trail and he is after them and into them like the wind. Keep a couple of shells in your hands, and be ready to shoot and load as fast as you can."

"Then he don't point 'em?" I inquired.

"You just wait," said my friend.

Ponto, whose wiry tail had been vibrating at the rate of about one hundred and twenty motions a minute, started down the fence with the most business-like air in the world—just as interested and business-like as the best-blooded pointer that ever came to heel. I shouted with laughter at the sight. Presently we heard his bark. "Come along!" said Will; "he's got 'em sure."

So we hurried along the fence as fast as our legs could carry us. We got up to where our dog was running, and he was going head down and tail up, and literally slobbering with excitement. All of a sudden out burst the bevy, and Will and I got three birds on the rise. They pitched across the creek in a clump of scrub oak, and Ponto was after them with unabated vigor.

"Hurry!" yelled Will. "He will be over there before you will if you don't hustle."

So we girded up our trousers and fled to the creek, and just as we got to the place where the birds were Ponto was with us. He made a jump into a little cluster of twigs, and out buzzed a quail. He sprang to another clump of briers, and out went a pair of birds. He gyrated about like a hen with its head cut off, and every fifteen seconds or so he started a quail. It was the liveliest shooting I ever saw. Will had taken out two shells as he ran and put two more in his mouth, and he was not so handicapped as I was. He got three shots to my one, for I was so rattled by this novel method of hunting quail that I confessed myself beaten by Ponto's tactics. After the racket had quieted down a little, Ponto stirred up a single bird, which I winged at a long distance after missing with my first shot.

"Now wait," said Will, "I'll show you some pretty work. Wait three minutes and give that bird a chance to get away."

We waited about five minutes, and then went to where the bird had dropped and put the terrier on the trail. He pottered about in the leaves for a while, then elevated his wiggling tail and barked joyously.

"We've got him," said Will. "Watch him do the trick."

The quail had dropped about sixty-five yards away, and close by the edge of the creek. Ponto trailed him to the creek's bank, along the bank a few yards, then down the bank and across the creek. He then went up the opposite bank, his expressive tail indicating his stanch confidence in himself. The trail of the crippled bird led through the fence, out into the cornfield and then back into the fence corner, where the cover was rather sparse. Then Ponto nosed around a little and crossed a road, where beyond was thicker cover. Suddenly he gave a leap and was into the weeds, his little paws pressed down and his mouth muzzling in the grass. Will stepped up quickly and brought out from under the dog's grasp my winged bird. The terrier had trailed him swiftly and surely for a distance of fully six hundred yards.

"What do you think of that, hey?" said Will triumphantly.

I took off my hunting cap and bowed to Ponto respectfully. "Best quail dog in Clinton County," I said.

Will suppressed his evident satisfaction and merely rubbed askew the tight hair on Ponto's shining barrel of a body. The dog quivered from nose to tail-tip with a consuming sense of duty well done and glanced doubtfully at me as though he would say, "Are you convinced yet, you doubting Thomas, with all your twenty years of quail shooting? It isn't size or color or gait that makes a quail dog worth having—its instinct; and my mother gave me that." I am certain that Ponto comprehended when I said to Will, who was busily reaching for more cartridges, "He's worth his weight in gold and you're to be congratulated on your pocket edition of a dog."

The next bevy we—or, rather, Ponto—found was in a little brushy "slue" that ran out into a meadow. The dog was trailing them, and, from the direction they were, the birds would assuredly swing back to the woods when flushed. The "slue" was a narrow one, and Will suggested that I wait at a point about a hundred yards from the end and shoot as the birds came out from the end. He said Ponto would jump around and likely scare them out in singles and doubles, and that I would have my hands full keeping up with the dog. So I tossed out about a dozen shells in my cap and waited for the opening. "The little dog barked to see such sport," and barked, besides, because he had struck the scent, and in a minute or two more he was jumping about in the brush and weeds at the head of the "slue." The quail came out one and two and three at a time. There must have been at least thirty birds or more, and Will simply rolled on the ground at my frantic efforts to get a shot at each bird. I missed disgracefully; for, as I would raise to shoot at one bird, another would burst from cover at Ponto's feet, and it would be in order for me to get ready for him. I fired about fourteen shells and only downed four birds, and Will had given himself over to mockery and did not fire a shot.

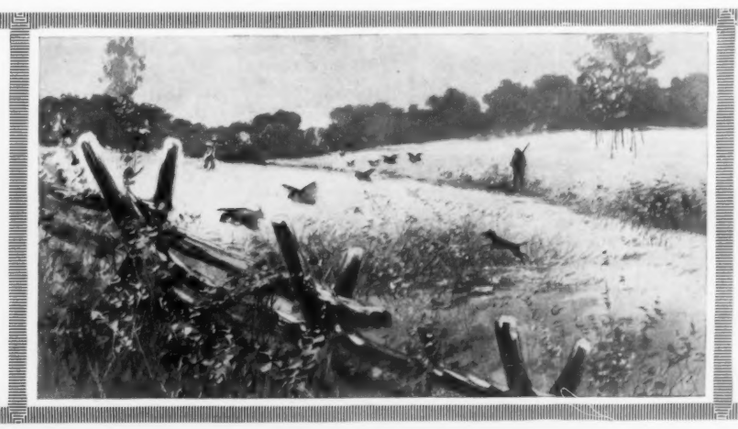
The next bevy we started scattered into the timber, and here Ponto further distinguished himself by actually grabbing one of the birds as it started from the leaves. I took it out of his mouth alive, and we let it fly away, with a mouthful of its tail-feathers still sticking in the eager jaws of Ponto. I finally got on to the hang of the sport and enjoyed it hugely. All you had to do was to keep in stride with the terrier. You needed, also, to have a couple of shells in each hand and two more in your mouth when you got into the scattered bevy. For at such times he seemed to dive after them with the same unerring certainty which distinguishes his tribe in the rat-pits. He didn't point them, but he "jumped" them out so fast that it kept you moving to follow him. There was no such thing as leisurely coming up and admiring the point and selecting your place to shoot from, and then gracefully stepping forward to the shot.

It was helter-skelter over the ground to keep up with the dog and a regular Fourth of July sputter of firearms after he ran into the scattered bevy. He never bothered about rabbits in the least. Whenever one sprang out of the brush, Ponto would hesitate a second and then go right on. He hunted mute until he struck the scent, and then he always barked. When he caught the scent he seemed to know often just where the birds would make for. By reason of this peculiarity, his "roading" was often done at a mad gallop. His nose must have been extraordinarily keen, for I never saw such precision in my life on winged and crippled birds. We did not lose a single cripple. When he got tired—and he did get tired two or three times during the day—he would come to Will and whine to be taken up and carried in the pocket of the hunting-coat. No dog that I ever hunted with showed more enthusiasm in the work, and none seemed to know more instinctively what was the best ground to hunt over. It was amusing to see Ponto's scornful indifference when we were travelling through bare meadows, along fences where there was no cover, and other unlikely places. He didn't take a bit of interest then. But put him down where the cover was good and his little eyes snapped with excitement, and not even a ten-pound weight attached to his tail could have prevented it from expressing itself.

Will told me the terrier used to follow along after "Rox," and seemed to be "noticing," and that finally he blossomed out for himself. He said that the dog would whine all day if he left him at the house when a hunt was in progress, and that if let out he would track the party from the house to the woods and never fail to find them. My years of experience in the field had steeped me in the traditions of setter and pointer—of Llewellin, Gordon, Laverack, liver and white, lemon and white, and all grades and fashions of the bird dogs of both England and America; but for some points I found nothing better, nothing quite so good in fact, as the qualities of Ponto, the black-and-tan—the best quail dog in Clinton County.

DRAWN BY W. SCHMEDTSEN

A DOG IN THE HAND



ROUTING OUT THE QUAIL

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MR. ARTHUR FORREST AS PETRONIUS AND MISS MAUDE FEALY AS EUNICE, AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

"QUO VADIS" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT I.

MR. JOSEPH HAWORTH AS VINICIUS AND MISS ROSELLE KNOTT AS LYGIA, AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BYRON, NEW YORK

"QUO VADIS" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT IV.

THE DRAMA

THERE CAN BE no question with regard to the relative merits of the two stage versions of "Quo Vadis," the popular novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz, lately presented in New York. The version made by Mr. Stanislaus Stange and used at the New York Theatre is by far the superior. It is a play; it has backbone; it stands on its own feet. Miss Jeanette L. Gilder's work, interpreted at the Herald Square Theatre, consists of a series of more or less loosely connected scenes, which lean heavily against the novel. Without having read the novel, it would be hard to form a clear idea of the plot from Miss Gilder's piece. Mr. Stange's drama, on the other hand, fully explains itself.

All this is quite apart from the question as to which of the two writers had the moral right to dramatize the book. Both had a legal right, as the book, published years ago, was not protected by the copyright law. Miss Gilder, however, worked with the sanction of the author. Mr. Stange appeared first in the field, his version having been tried, and with great success, in Chicago last December. It has since drawn enormous audiences in several of our cities, chiefly in the West. Its approach to New York led the managers interested in Miss Gilder's version to bestir themselves, and their production was devised in the astonishingly brief period of a week. As a result of the rivalry, both versions had their metropolitan hearing on the same night.

Mr. Stange enjoyed a great advantage over Miss Gilder in having had considerable experience as a writer for the theatre. He is best known as the author of successful books for comic operas; but he has also written and collaborated on several plays. Miss Gilder has earned a reputation as journalist, reviewer, as editor of the New York "Critic," and as the author of a novel dealing with Bohemian life in New York. She was one of the first reviewers in this country to appreciate and to extol the merits of the novels of Sienkiewicz. Another of the first admirers of the Polish writer's genius, it is worth noting here, was Madame Helena Modjeska, who was present at the opening night of Miss Gilder's piece. Madame Modjeska made the acquaintance of this country as the member of a Polish colony, which established itself in Southern California and included Sienkiewicz among the members. He is said to have been at one time deeply infatuated with the actress. In the case of Miss Gilder, it may be that her admiration for the author led to a fidelity to the book which weakened the theatrical value of her composition. At any rate, she has not succeeded in producing that change, curiously like a chemical change, which is necessary in the transformation of literary material from one form of art to another. And yet, as it stands, her piece has considerable merit. I did not realize how serious its defects were till I had seen Mr. Stange's play. It reminded me frequently of the dramatization of "Ben Hur," which, in spite of its tremendous success, is just as far from being a drama. It falters in catching up the main thread of the story, provided by the mad love of the Roman tribune, Vinicius, for the Christian slave, Lygia, but it works swiftly through a long series of tersely written and interesting scenes, appropriately introducing Petronius, the growth of whose affection for Eunice is delicately interwoven and skilfully kept in the background, Nero, Poppæa and the host of other figures that lend constant animation and brilliancy to the story. But these scenes, somehow, fail to hang together. Opportunity after opportunity for coherence and dramatic effect is missed. Nevertheless, so fierce is the turmoil of the narrative that each scene has a certain stirring power. Where the dramatist has completely failed is in her treatment of the change in the love of Vinicius from sensuality to spiritual fervor. Miss Gilder actually allows Lygia to proclaim her love for the Tribune before her fellow-Christians the moment after he has terrified her by trying to carry her away from her friends by main force. The conflict of emotions in this episode, far from being dramatic, becomes almost ridiculous. Here and there, too, Miss Gilder strikes in her dialogue an absolutely modern and jarring note, and as for the slight humor introduced to relieve the monotony of the dialogue and situations, it sadly misses the mark.

Now, with Mr. Stange humor is not a strong point, either, though his efforts never reach the depths of Miss Gilder's. On the other hand, Mr. Stange has a fine sense of dramatic unity and a genius for theatrical effect. Where Miss Gilder's work is disjointed, Mr. Stange's is firm and straightforward. At the start, the main theme projects itself clearly, and not for one moment is it lost sight of; every episode plays around it and develops it. In treating the spiritualization of the love of Vinicius for Lygia, Mr. Stange succeeds as conspicuously as Miss Gilder fails. He conveys it to the spectator by means of action; it gives him material for some of his most moving scenes. Indeed, throughout his drama, Mr. Stange shows that he has thoroughly mastered the lesson all dramatists must learn, that playgoers, consciously or unconsciously, want to be appealed to through their eyes. Whenever he has an important episode to reveal, he does not tell you about it; he lets you see it. Moreover, his scenes have a fulness that, at the close of the piece, leaves the impression of a complete and thoroughly rounded drama. Judged by time, the piece is altogether too long. But it is only fair to the story and to the way it has been treated to say that the interest never flags. Of course, it is all melodrama, but melodrama of a wholesome and inspiring kind.

Scenically, the production at the New York Theatre far surpasses its rival. It is of a magnificence—well, to be honest, that suggests lofty ambition without unerring taste. Some of the scenes are uncommonly fine and have a really classic atmosphere. But one sighs on thinking what might have been accomplished! Considering the short time spent on preparation I can only marvel that the Herald Square representation should be so good. It is in the matter of supernumeraries that it betrays its greatest poverty. The meagre showing of the revellers at Nero's festival at the Herald Square seems all the more pathetic after the army at the New York Theatre has been seen. Besides, weeks of service on the road have given the New York production an evenness and a sureness of movement that come only with practice. Both productions are well acted. At the Herald Square John Blair and Edward Morgan, who appear as Vinicius and Petronius, have the advantage of youth over Joseph Haworth and Arthur Forrest. They show, too, more discretion. This, by the way, is a most hopeful sign. It suggests that the younger generation of actors are becoming simpler, saner in their methods than their predecessors. Mr. Haworth, a man of unquestionable ability, with a magnificent voice and an easy style, takes Vinicius at a high key and sustains the character with hardly one let-down till the end, filling the vast New York Theatre with the thunderous tones of the elocutionist. Mr. Blair can let himself out, too, when he wishes; but he knows that there are many ways of achieving strong effects besides noisy ways; so Mr. Blair's work has variety, while Mr. Haworth's drops into the monotony of the old-fashioned preacher. Mr. Morgan, too, takes Petronius simply and tries to make him human, whereas Mr. Forrest presents him as a conventionally sonorous stage figure. Both Lygias act with delightful naturalness. At the Herald Square Miss Bijou Fernandez scores the hit of her career; in looks and bearing her performance perfectly fits the character. Miss Roselle Knott brings to the part a face full of emotional expression and a sure and intelligent method. At the New York Theatre one of the greatest of the successes is won by the Nero of that sterling actor, Edmund D. Lyons. His performance deserves no less praise from the fact that his lines force him occasionally to burlesque the Emperor. Both versions, by the way, are injured by the more or less flippant treatment of this important figure. But Mr. Lyons succeeds in investing Nero with thoroughly human qualities.

The other night at Daly's Theatre Miss Mary Mannering made her farewell appearance as the leading woman of Daniel Frohman's stock company, a position she has filled with ability and charm for four consecutive seasons. The piece was Pinero's delightful comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," in which Miss Mannering has done perhaps her best work in this country. Next season the actress will venture out with a company of her own, under the management of Mr. F. C. Whitney. Less gifted actresses have been eminently successful "stars," and if Miss Mannering secures a good play, fortune will doubtless attend her. Besides versatility, she has youth and beauty, and she has also had several years of valuable stage training both in England and in America. Before she was engaged in England by Mr. Daniel Frohman, she had played no less than eighty parts, an enviable record for any young player in these days of long runs. Many a good actor has a chance to play only one part in a year, sometimes one in several years. At Daly's Theatre Miss Mannering will be succeeded by Miss Hilda Spong, another English actress, who has done good work as a member of Mr. Daniel Frohman's stock company for two seasons. Miss Spong was first seen here in a comedy part in "Trelawney of the Wells," and during this past winter she has made notable successes in "Wheels Within Wheels" and "The Ambassador." She acts with intelligence and vivacity, and she has a most agreeable diction; she deserves her promotion. It was thought that Miss Bertha Galland, who has astonished New York this season by her work in "The Pride of Jennico" with Mr. James K. Hackett, would step into Miss Mannering's shoes; but she is to be reserved for the long-promised production of "Richard Carvel" next season.

Thanks to Mr. Grau's shrewdness, the season of opera, which began brilliantly and developed somewhat disappointingly, ended with a great flourish of trumpets. Let full credit be given to Mozart, and to his much-ridiculed librettist, who provided so many characters for "The Magic Flute" that the Metropolitan Opera Company was able to use a large number of its greatest singers for the revival. That revival alone would be sufficient to make notable the season just ended. The few performances of the opera that were given proved that Mozart still has power to delight the multitude. But there were other notable features, too. The successful presentations of Aida showed that this opera is likely to have a much longer lease of life than might have been supposed. It has been one of the most popular of all the works given at the Opera House this winter. Much of this popularity, it is true, was due to the esteem in which Madame Eames is held. By adding this part to her repertory, Madame Eames undoubtedly infused new interest into the opera. Some of the Wagner performances conspicuously failed to attract; just why, it would be hard to say. Though the stage-effects were unsatisfactory in many respects, the operas were all given with remarkably fine casts. Can it be that Wagner is losing his hold on Metropolitan audiences? It may be so; but other signs point in an opposite direction. The more educated our music-lovers become, the more likely they are to appreciate Wagner. Instead of decreasing, his hold on our public is likely to grow stronger. The recent comparative indifference to him was probably due to one of those caprices on the part of the public that drive so many managers to grief. If Jean de Reszke had been with the company, it is likely that the Wagnerian performances, at any rate those in which he appeared, would have attracted enormous audiences. Indeed, the absence of Jean de Reszke has been a serious handicap to the whole season. "It is always Jean de Reszke, Jean de Reszke!" despairingly remarked a young tenor, who came to the Metropolitan Opera House a few seasons ago expecting to make his fame and fortune. Even after the great man had disappeared from New York, the younger tenors found themselves in the shadow of his vast reputation. He apparently made it almost impossible for any other tenor to win his way into the heart of the New York public. This is a pity, for there are other tenors, and good tenors, in the world besides Jean de Reszke, and some of them we have had the privilege of hearing this winter. Next season, however, we may have him back. We shall certainly have Melba, too; but for this boon we shall be obliged to give up Sembrich, an infinitely greater artist, a singer with a voice almost as beautiful as Melba's, and with a soul, too. It appears that as Melba and Sembrich both sing the same rôles they cannot both sing in the same company. Our successful American prima donnas we shall hear again next year—Nordica, Eames, Suzanne Adams and Susan Strong—who have done so much to maintain the high standard of singing at the Opera House this season. We shall hear, too, in important rôles, Miss Carrie Bridewell, the Maine girl, with the wonderful contralto voice, whom Madame Sembrich discovered a few months ago at a New England musical festival. Miss Bridewell gives promise of stepping into the shoes of Annie Louise Cary, whose memory is still dear to veteran operagoers. She has the distinction, by the way, of being the first singer whose education the management of the Opera House has undertaken to foster. During the intervals of her work in New York she is to be sent to Dresden for a thorough course of study to supplement the excellent training she has already received. Now that we are providing so many singers for opera in foreign tongues, may we not hope that some day we shall have grand opera of our own? Early in the autumn a step is to be taken in this direction when the Metropolitan Opera House will be opened for a season of grand English opera with first-class singers.

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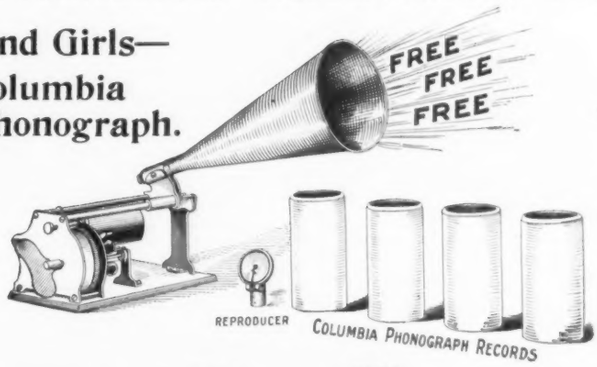

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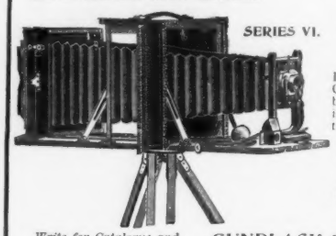

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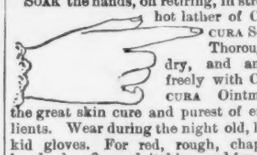

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